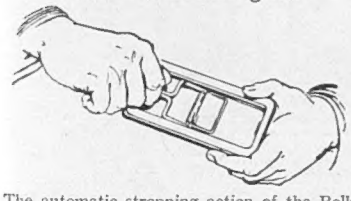
ROLLS RAZOR · ROLLS RAZOR · ROLLS RAZOR · ROLLS RAZOR · ROLLS RAZOR · ROLLS RAZOR · ROLLS RAZOR · ROLLS RAZOR

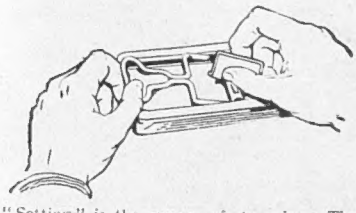
25/-

In heavily silver-plated box 5½ inches long, 2½ inches wide, and just over ½ an inch thick—no larger than some cigarette cases. Complete with finest hollow-ground blade and automatic device for stropping on leather and re-setting the edge upon stone. The blade is guaranteed in writing to shave you perfectly for five years at no cost for new blades.

British-made throughout.



The automatic stropping action of the Rolls Razor does not depend upon any personal factor—like the tension of the strop. The blade travels exactly the same distance both ways with exactly the same pressure upon either side. This is stropping perfection.



"Setting" is the reverse of stropping. The action is *against* the edge instead of *with* it. When you "re-set" your Rolls Razor automatically in its own box, precisely the same action is employed as when the edge was finished in the factory, and the same stone is used. You are always able, therefore, to "re-set" your blade to the same shaving perfection as when it was new.

A Splendid Present for Christmas.

A better shave than you have ever had in your life

The Rolls Razor shaves you more comfortably, smoothly and closely than any safety razor you have ever used. It is the *only* safety razor suitable for men with stiff beards.

A Director of the Rolls Razor Co. Ltd. demonstrated the Rolls Razor at the Hairdressers' Exhibition, before a group of Press representatives, by sharpening half a dozen pencils with it. He then re-set the blade by the simple automatic device provided in the razor-box, stropped it automatically and shaved off three days' strong growth of beard perfectly.

GUARANTEED FIVE YEARS

The secret of the Rolls Razor is the hollow-ground blade, guaranteed to last five years, and the automatic stropping *and honing* device which re-sets the edge upon a stone whenever the blade becomes dull, so that it is as sharp as when new.

You know that merely stropping a razor does not keep it sharp. Even a skilled barber has to re-set his razors upon a stone periodically. Thus razors with wafer blades and semi-solid self-stropping blades are wasteful and extravagant. There is nothing to keep the edge keen, so you use it until it is too painful to use any longer, and then have to buy another, some people spending literally pounds in blades in a few years.

A RAZOR FOR LIFE

The Rolls Razor does away with all this costly blade-buying. The Rolls hollow-ground blade is not good to-day and blunt to-morrow. It is guaranteed in writing to shave you perfectly for five years. If it doesn't, a new one will be given instantly.

The Rolls Razor costs you not one penny for blades. It saves its cost in two years at most, and all the while shaves you more comfortably.

If you want to be able to shave more comfortably than you have ever done before, more smoothly, more closely, so that your chin is fresh and absolutely free from any soreness—get a Rolls Razor. Most chemists, stores, ironmongers and cutlers sell it.

ROLLS RAZOR

Costs nothing for blades

The Rolls Razor Co., Ltd., Trafalgar Buildings, 1 Charing Cross, London, S.W. 1

Works: Ingate Place, Queen's Road, Battersea, London, S.W. 8

ROLLS RAZOR · ROLLS RAZOR · ROLLS RAZOR · ROLLS RAZOR · ROLLS RAZOR · ROLLS RAZOR · ROLLS RAZOR · R

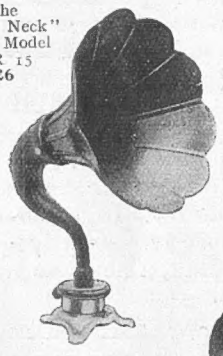
An Amplion for Christmas

FOR what will undoubtedly be "A Wireless Xmas," the gift of an Amplion will be appreciated more perhaps than any present that the wit of man could devise.

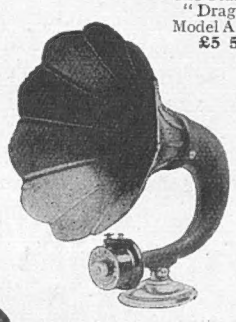
To give an AMPLION is to give the World's best—*the* standard by which all other Loud Speakers are judged. The Amplion possesses many patented and therefore *exclusive* features, ensuring wonderful clarity and tonal quality—in other words "Better Radio Reproduction."

Below are illustrated some of the models of Amplions, to suit all purses and purposes. For more detailed information please write for list and folder.

The "Swan Neck" Table Model A.R 15 **£6**



The Standard "Dragon" Model A.R. 19 **£5 5s.**



The "New" Junior A.R. 111 **£2 10s.**

The "Dragonfly" An Amplion "Baby" A.R. 102 **25s.**

The "New" Junior-de-Luxe A.R. 114 **£3 5s.**

Obtainable from all Wireless Dealers of Repute

The World's Standard **AMPLION** Wireless Loud Speaker

ALFRED GRAHAM & CO.
(E. A. GRAHAM)
St. Andrew's Works,
Crofton Park,
LONDON, S.E.4.

REAL IRISH LINEN
For Christmas Presents

Gifts of genuine Irish Linen cannot fail to be appreciated as Christmas offerings, and, if purchased direct from us, in the centre of Linen Manufacture, they are not unduly expensive. All our prices are considerably below the ordinary retail prices prevailing to-day.

Embroidered Shamrock and Opening Stitch Tea Cloth.
Our stock includes a large assortment of other new designs in Tea Cloths embroidered on Irish Linen,
From **10/6** to **75/-** each.

Dinner Mats, scalloped and hand-embroidered on Irish Linen. Sets include 1 Centre, 12 6-in. Mats, 12 10-in. Mats.
From **39/-** to **105/-** per set.

TEA CLOTHS
(as illustrated)
Afternoon Tea Cloths, etc. Pure Irish Linen, hand embroidered Fine quality Linen, good work.

36 by 36 ins.	**21/-**
45 by 45 ins.	**27/9**
54 by 54 ins.	**35/-**

TRAY CLOTHS
Superior quality All-Linen Tray Cloths.

13 by 20 ins.	**5/11**
16 by 24 ins.	**7/6**
18 by 27 ins.	**8/11**
20 by 30 ins. ...	**10/6**

SIDEBOARD CLOTHS
Linen Sideboard Cloths in various sizes and qualities.

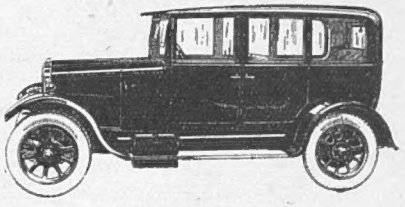
16 by 54 ins.	**12/11**
16 by 72 ins.	**17/9**

TOILET COVERS
Pure Irish Linen Toilet Covers.
12 by 45 ins. **8/11**

SELECTIONS ON APPROVAL.

Goods Sent Carriage Free. Write for Linen Catalogue.

ANDERSON & McAULEY
LTD. Donegall Place, BELFAST.



COMFORT

The new 12/24 h.p. Calcott Saloon is a roomy handsome car, distinguished by the quality of its coach-work and depth of comfort. A real thoroughbred in every line. All who have seen this car admit that it has a marked smoothness in action, a flow of power and riding comfort that can only come from a car designed right and built with the care of a craftsman. Finished Royal Blue with Bedford Cord upholstery, completely furnished with interior lights, Ladies' and Smokers' companion, silk roller blind to rear light, hat and paper rack, conveniently placed receptacles for parcels, mechanical window lifters, floor carpets, sliding front seats, and every convenience expected with a high-class car. Price complete, £525.

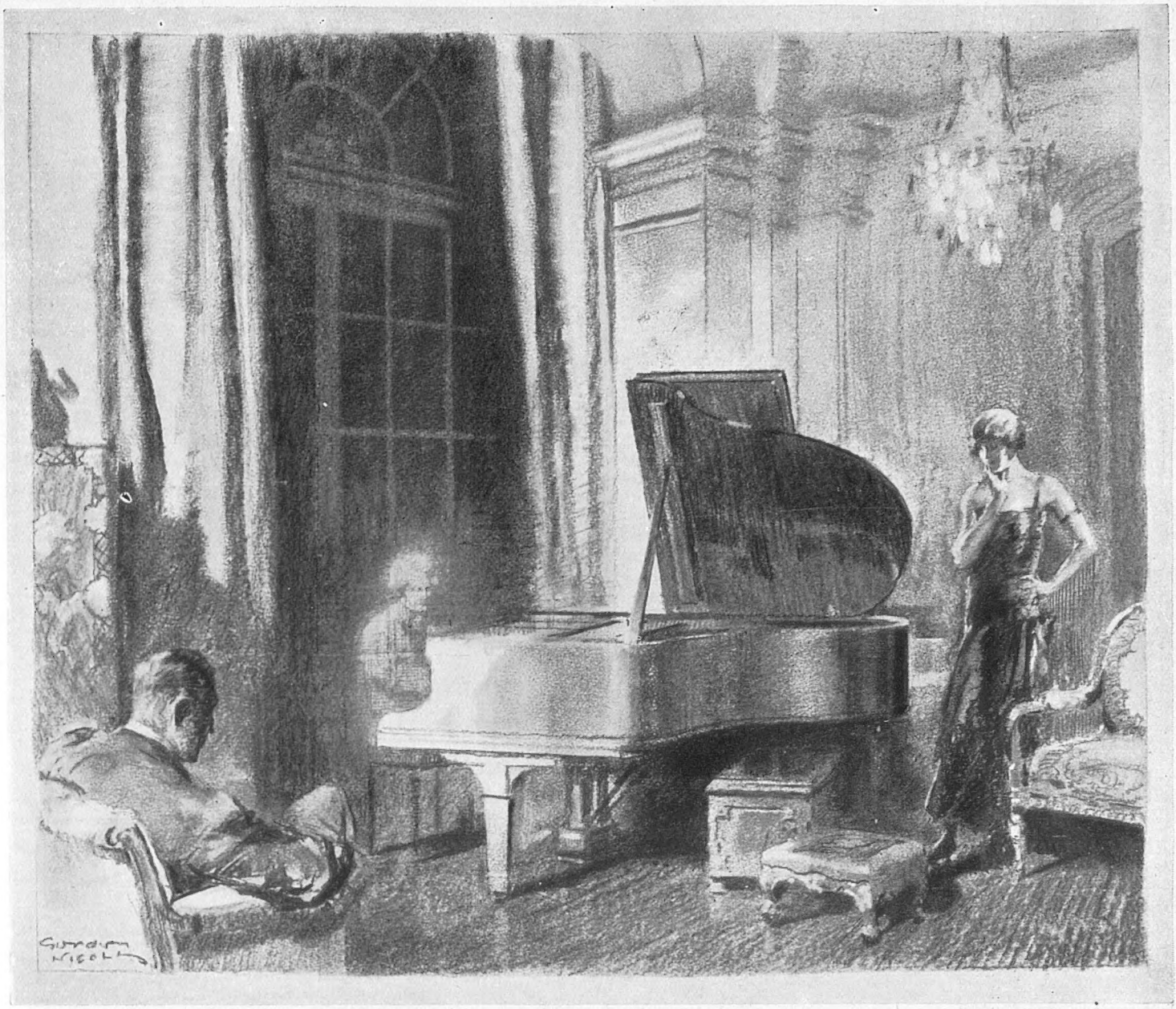
Other 12/24 h.p. Models are the Two/Three-Seater, £365, and the Four-Seater Touring, £375. The new 10/15 Calcott for 1925 has been re-designed, enlarged and improved to such an extent as to immediately place it above the average "light car" class. In power, roominess, comfort, and completeness of equipment it is equal to many cars of higher rating and cost. De-Luxe Two-Seater, Semi Coupé, £275. De-Luxe Four-Seater, £275. Popular Two-Seater, £255. Dunlop Balloon Tyres standard to all models. Catalogues from CALCOTT BROS., LTD., COVENTRY.

London Agents: Eustace Watkins, Ltd., 91, New Bond St., W.1.

CALCOTT

Established 1886

H.P.



The immortal of to-day is assured of his immortality. When his place knows him no more, our ears may still catch his wondrous notes, faithfully recorded as he himself played them, and as he alone could play them, on the

STEINWAY
REPRODUCING PIANOS
THE DUO-ART & THE WELTE

Particulars of these two Reproducing instruments (Grands and Uprights) and Catalogues of rolls recorded by the great pianists of our age, both living and dead, will be sent on request

Reduced prices now effective. Note new address

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL, 1 & 2 GEORGE STREET, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Garrould's

THE NOTED HOUSE FOR UNIFORMS MAIDS' LIVERIES ETC.

MODEL 10

SPECIAL OFFER FOR XMAS

VERY NEAT AFTERNOON APRON OF HEMSTITCHED LAWN, AT 2/11 EACH

WORTH 3/6

DAINTY LAWN CAP, TRIMMED WITH VALENCIENNES, 2/6 EACH.

PRESS OPINION:—
"EVE" says:—
"Attention must be drawn to the excellent variety of presents at Garrould's."

CATALOGUE containing 24 Illustrations of Maids' Caps, Aprons, Dresses, sent post free on application.

Postage on 1 Apron, 2½d., 3 Aprons, 4d., and over 10/- in value post free.

E. & R. GARROULD,
150-162, Edgware Rd., London, W.2

NO DISFIGURING HAIR TO MAKE HER SELF - CONSCIOUS

WOMEN everywhere are quickly learning the new, quick, easy way to rid themselves of disfiguring growths of hair. They are no longer slaves to the razor, which only causes the hair to grow faster, thicker and coarser; nor do they any longer have to run the risk of using strong chemical preparations containing caustic acids. The wonderful new Veet Cream has practically superseded these old-fashioned and unsatisfactory methods. Veet is a perfumed velvety cream put up in a tube like a tooth paste. It is ready for instant use. You simply spread it on just as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off—and the hair is gone! Whereas razors and ordinary depilatories merely remove hair *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. Veet Cream has been endorsed by the medical profession. Enclosed with every tube is our written guarantee of entirely satisfactory results, or money back. 3/6 and 1/6 at all chemists, hairdressers and stores. Also sent in plain wrapper upon receipt of purchase price, plus 6d. for postage etc. (Trial size by post for 6d. in stamps.)

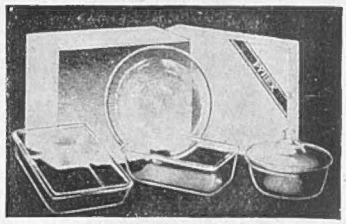
Dae Health Laboratories
(Dept. 292T),
68, Bolsover St.,
London, W.1.

VEET CREAM

Removes Hair Like Magic

MADE IN ENGLAND PYREX

Look for this mark on "PYREX" Ovenware—it is a Guarantee against substitution.



Give her a set of PYREX Ovenware

PYREX Transparent Ovenware is a great boon to the busy housewife. It saves work, because the same dish can be used for cooking *and* serving each course. With PYREX you serve straight from the oven to the table. PYREX washes easily—keeps bright and does not flake, rust, dent or stain—and withstands oven heat. There are numerous useful shapes and sizes which make splendid Christmas, Wedding or Birthday Gifts.

Prices now much reduced

PYREX

The Original Transparent Ovenware
MADE IN ENGLAND

The PYREX set illustrated consists of four of the essential PYREX dishes packed in a useful box: "Utility Dish, Bread or Baking Pan, Casserole and Pudding Dish." They form the basis for a complete range of PYREX Utensils—fit for every cooking need and equal to any occasion.

Reduced price per set, 19/6.

To be obtained of all Stores, China and Glass Dealers, Ironmongers, etc. If any difficulty in obtaining locally please write direct to:

JAMES A. JOBLING & CO., LTD.,
Wear Flint Glass Works, Sunderland.

ALPINE SPORTS, LIMITED
Chairman—SIR HENRY LUNN, M.D.
BEST HOTELS, BRITISH CLIENTELE AND CONTROL.

MALOJA .. (Engadine)	..Palace	300 beds
"The finest Hotel in Switzerland."		
MORGINS (Valais)	..Grand Hotel	180 beds
MURREN ..	..Palace Hotel des Alpes	250 beds
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PONTRESINA	..Schloss	250 beds
,, ..	..Roseg	250 beds
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WENGEN ..	..Belvedere Hotel ..	140 beds

Secretary, 5R, Endsleigh Gardens. N.W.1. and 2R, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.

Lounge Suit

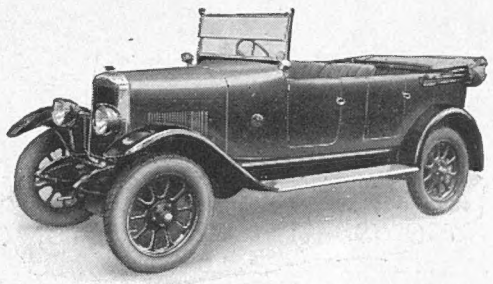
Made from High Grade Scotch Tweeds, Saxonys and Cashmere Suitings.

7 Gns. TO ORDER

Also Black or Grey Jacket & Vest and Striped Trousers. *Patterns sent.*

Fredk. POOLE & CO.
— TAILORS —
219, Oxford St.
London, W. 1.

CLIMB · IT · ON · A · CALTHORPE



CLIMBING

ANY expert will tell you that one of the best tests to which you can put any car is to try it on hills. If it will climb steadily and slowly—like a Calthorpe—the car is a good one, but it is infinitely safer to get a Calthorpe in the first place and have that confident feeling that no matter the gradient you can climb it. This hill-climbing power that the new Calthorpe possesses is but one of its outstanding virtues. In general comfort, reliability and completeness of specification it is well ahead of all its contemporaries.

This is the full range of 1925 Models.

15.45 h.p. Six-Cylinder Four-Seater, £395. 12.20 h.p. Two-Seater De Luxe, £315. Four-Seater De Luxe, £325. Four-Seater Saloon, £425. 10.20 h.p. Two-Seater or Four-Seater, £235. All Models have Balloon Tyres.

Write for complete Catalogue and Agent's name to

The Calthorpe Motor Co., Ltd., Birmingham

Sole Distributors for London, Home and Eastern Counties. MANN, EGERTON & COMPANY, LTD. *Showrooms:* 156, *New Bond Street, London. Works:* 1a, *High Road, Kilburn, N.W.*

Calthorpe

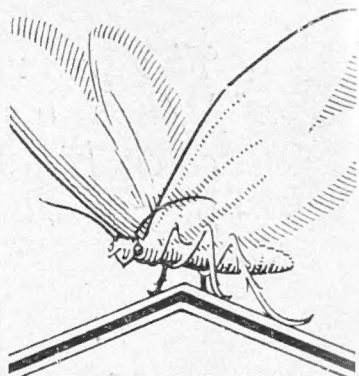
CLIMB - IT - ON - A - CALTHORPE

H.P.

DINARD (Brittany)

The All-the-Year-Round Resort.
8 Hours from Southampton.
18 Hole Golf.
The Most Equable Climate.
The Most Reasonable Terms.
Apply for Season Terms

CRYSTAL HOTEL 1st class, inclusive from 35 fr.
MICHELET HOTEL inclusive from 25 to 35 fr.



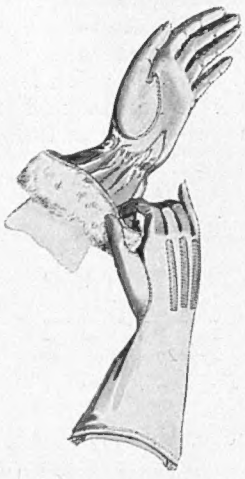
DYMUTH
The Moth Fighter

will rid your home of this destructive creature. A shilling tin may save you pounds in a few weeks. Ask your chemist about it, or send a postcard to

DYMUTH LTD.,
18, Dymuth House, M tlock,
for descriptive pamphlet.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

GLOVES AS USEFUL XMAS GIFTS



Fancy Kid Gauntlet, *in Grey/Black, Brown/Pastille, Tan/Pastille, Beaver/Pastille.* Price 10/6

Elastic Wrist, *Mocha Suede, lined silk. In Grey, Tan, Beaver or Brown.* Price 9/11

Best Quality Degrain, *Mocha finish. Fur lined. In Brown and Slate.*
Lined Natural Coney. Price 24/6
Lined White Coney. Price 27/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

WARM NUNSVEILING NIGHT-DRESSES FOR WINTER WEAR

PRACTICAL WARM NUNSVEILING NIGHTDRESSES (as sketch), a copy of a French Model, with collar and long revers, new shaped yoke, forming long sleeves. In White only.

PRICE
29/6

In Mauve, Sky, Pink, Lemon and Coral, **35/9**
In heavy quality Japanese Silk. In White only, **29/6**
In rich quality Satin. In Ivory, Pink, Mauve, Sky, Yellow, Cyclamen and Coral, **59/6**
In rich quality Washing Pyjama Silk. In Pink, Blue, Beige, Green, Ivory and Yellow, **69/6**

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Catalogue Post Free.

A non "plussed two"

Just the thing for Sports wear

'SPORTSMAN' garments are distinctive, comfortable, and durable. They are made by Wolsey Ltd. of Underwear fame—so you can rely on the material and workmanship. They give unusual freedom of movement to the sportsman. All principal Hosiers, Stores and Outfitters sell 'Sportsman.' Ask to see them. You'll be surprised at the large range of styles and colours—and there's one at a price that will suit you.

For Golf, Shooting, Fishing, Motoring, Riding and all other sport, there's nothing better than a 'Sportsman' Underjacket, Woolly or Pullover.

IF YOU HAVE ANY DIFFICULTY IN GETTING 'SPORTSMAN' PLEASE WRITE DIRECT TO—
WOLSEY LTD., LEICESTER

'Sportsman'
KNITTED UNDERJACKETS, WOOLLIES AND PULLOVERS

C.F.H. 23

Skin Health and Loveliness

NEVER in the history of the world has there been such an era when it was every woman's desire to be beautiful, and probably never before have charm and loveliness been more easy of attainment.

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses far more efficiently than soap and water and invigorates the most tired skin. It gives a softer and clearer texture to the face because it works deep down into the pores and rids them of the dust and dirt accumulations of the day. Massage gently at bedtime and wipe off any excess with a soft towel. How delightfully clean the face feels! *Pond's Cold Cream* beautifies during sleep and is a tonic skin-food which has been used and praised by prominent women in every walk of society. Do this nightly and your mirror will show you that your skin presents a healthier tone and smoother texture.

For day use, whenever occasion demands, apply a little *Pond's Vanishing Cream* with the finger-tips. No massage required. This cream instantly beautifies, protects against inclement weather and forms an admirable base for powder.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

FREE SAMPLES Pond's Extract Company will send, for 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of both Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream.

POND'S CREAMS *Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores in Opal jars at 1/3 and 2/6 and in collapsible tubes at 7½d. (handbag size) and 1/-. The Cold Cream also in extra large tubes, 2/6.*

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 103, St. John Street, London, E.C. 1.

Pond's Cold Cream

Tell-tale silver threads

—how they proclaim to all the world—and to one in particular—that the passage of years leaves its sign.

Many women defeat Father Time by a means so simple that it is a wonder that every grey or going-grey woman does not adopt it. Tens of thousands do with perfect success, so why not you?

Greying or quite grey hair can now be restored to its exact original shade by the new INECTO process in 20 to 30 minutes! Hair thus recoloured simultaneously has imparted to it all the glint, sheen and elasticity so much admired in the hair of a young girl. Nothing can alter its beautiful colour, and you can defy the strongest sunlight to betray your secret.

Ask any really qualified hairdresser to tell you more about INECTO—or call, write or 'phone us direct. Literature on request—gratis and post free, of course

INECTO RAPID

Enquiry and Demonstration Salons
15, NORTH AUDLEY STREET (near Selfridge's), LONDON, W.1.
Telephones: Mayfair 3046-3047.
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NOVELTY SHAWL
WRAP
CHIFFON VELVET
TEA GOWN

"PEARL"

This ingenious Tea Gown (copy of a French model), made in rich Lyons chiffon velvet, is cut as a shawl and wraps round, entirely enveloping the figure, ties at side, finished fringe to tone, and lined throughout chiffon. In Brown, Saxe, Royal, Wine, Flame, Cherry, Rose, Mauve, Grey, Green, Black, etc.

SPECIAL PRICE
10½ Gns.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free

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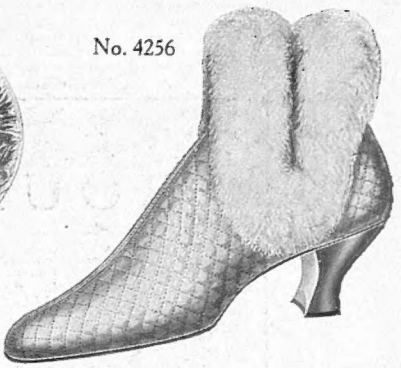
No. 1447

No. 1362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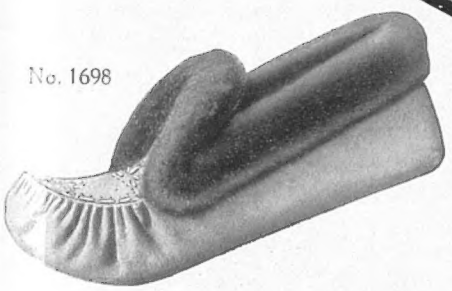
Manfield's in Regent Street.

Photographed in one of the Salons.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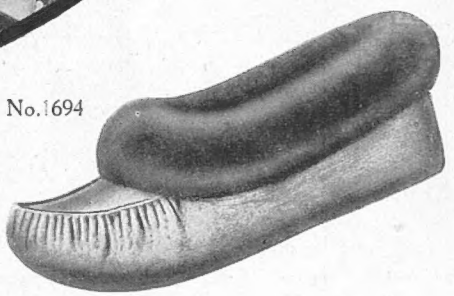
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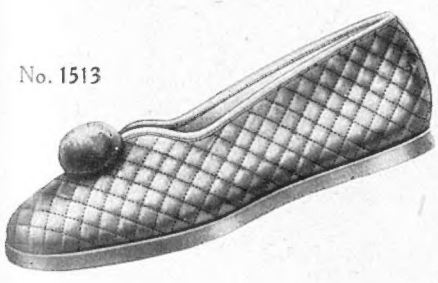
THE "FAIRYLAND OF FOOTWEAR"—a somewhat airy title given to them in a publication by the late George R. Sims—is, in sober fact, a very apt description of these salons at Christmastide.

Modern Cinderellas in quest of footwear for an auspicious occasion find here a veritable treasure-house of shoes and slippers and hose and so on. The atmosphere of the place is charged with anticipation of coming events of a gay and happy character. Their fitting celebration in a foot-dress sense is suggested.

A few printed examples cannot portray the scene, but to any who unfortunately cannot call, perhaps those shown on this page may lead to a postal enquiry.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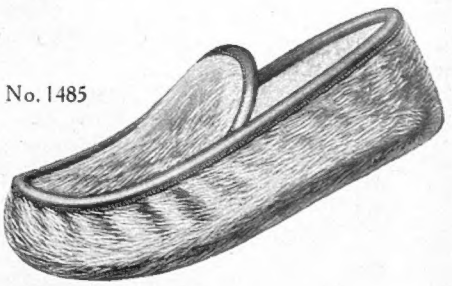
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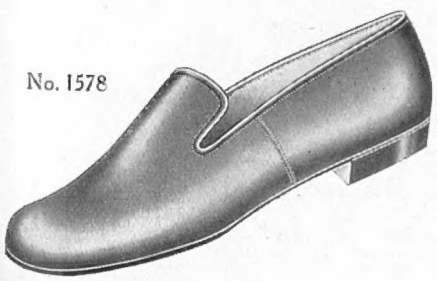
Manfield & SONS LTD

170 Regent Street, London, W.1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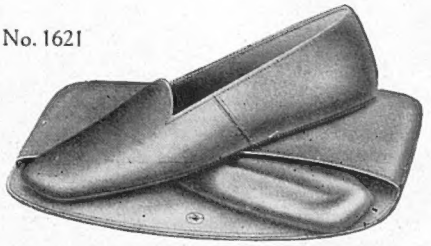
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No. R362 - - 16/9
Quilted Satin Ladies' Boudoir Slipper in Rose Satin with Grey Fur Trimming. (Also in Cherry, Mauve or Black Satin.)

No. 1447 - - 22/9
Black Satin One-bar Ladies' Evening Shoe. (Same in White, same price.)

No. 1362 - - 24/9
Ladies' Evening Shoe in Bright Floral Silver Tinsel. One-bar, Self-Covered Heel.

No. 4256 - - 24/9
Ladies' charming Bootee in Mauve Quilted Satin. (Also in Saxe Blue, Pale Blue, Purple, Black, Pale Pink and Rose.

No. 1698 - - 8/11
Ladies' Moccasin Slipper in Cinnamon or Grey Suede with beaded fronts Fur bound.

No. 1513 - - 4/11
Ladies' Quilted Satin Slipper with Felt Sole, in 10 favourite shades of the season.

No. 1578 - - 14/6
Gentlemen's Albert Slipper in Brown Willow Calf. (Also in Black or Brown Glace at 12/6)

No. 1694 - - 8/11
Ladies' Moccasin in Apricot or Rose shade of Suede, with Fur binding.

No. 1485 - - 16/9
Ladies' Real Natural Seal-skin Moccasin Slipper with fleecy lining.

No. 1621 - - 13/6
Gentlemen's Tan Soft Leather Travelling Slipper in Pouch. (For Ladies': similar in Brown Suede at 10/9)

Most of these are also obtainable through the medium of the nearest Manfield branch, if more convenient. Parcels over 20/- value, post free. Foreign postage extra.

ROUNDABOUTS AND SWINGS

HAVE you ever spent a night with those bed-clothes which won't let you have it both ways. If you have them up to your chin, your feet are in the Arctic zone. You get your feet right, but now your chin has gone wrong. Very often shoes are like that. In order to get enough breadth for your foot you have to take too much length, and be thankful.

It is this trouble of mortal man and woman that the Lotus and Delta shoes have cured. They are made in almost endless variations—lengthwise, breadthwise and depthwise. You can obtain from the Lotus agent a shoe which will answer to your foot like the print of your foot in good clean sand.

LOTUS & DELTA

SHOES OF STANDING

For Men and for Women

At prices from 21/-

LOTUS SKI-BOOTS, made on the Lotus Veldtschoen principle, give perfect dryness and comfort. Straight sides. Broad, square, Norwegian-pattern toes. Generous build allowing for thick double socks. WOMEN'S 60/-, MEN'S 70/-

Aquascutum Ltd. REGISTERED

By appointment to H.M. the King and to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

The Aquascutum "Inveraray" Cape-Coat

The "Inveraray" Cape-Coat drapes neatly and comely in pure new wool and weatherproof Aquascutum cloths — soft, light, lustrous — in bewitching browns, lovats, dove-coloured fawns, etc., overchecked and plain.

Built without sleeves; three-way collar, button through front, roomy pockets. Wings and shoulders lined silk for ease and elegance. Price **9 & 10 Gns.**, Aquascutum Coats from **6 Gns.**, "Field" Coats from **3½** to **5 Gns.** Agents throughout Great Britain and Ireland, in New York, Franklin Simon, Fifth Avenue. Mention of "Bystander" will bring along post-haste booklet of Aquascutum specialities.

From a letter dated November 9th, 1924:

"My coat is here and I am so thoroughly pleased with its comfort and appearance and have received so many, many compliments that I thought you should hear of them."

(Transaction throughout by post.)

AQUASCUTUM LTD., 126 Regent Street, LONDON, W.1

OWN A SINGER AND BE SATISFIED

The 10/26 h.p. Singer Saloon illustrated is a new model that may be relied upon to give sound service, real comfort and lasting satisfaction. It has a light coach-built saloon body with ample room in length and width, and four doors. The four front windows rise and fall, operated from the seats. Pile carpets cover the floor, and the upholstery is patent pneumatic, leather covered. Full equipment and sliding luggage rack. Standard colour, Maroon.

Price £295.

A Story of Satisfaction FROM AN OWNER

"THE following five words express my entire satisfaction—I am delighted with it. Principally this car is used by me for business purposes, and continually through Town. Whenever I desire to go out, it is ever ready. Petrol, oil and water, is all that it asks for—and in return gives me the very best of service. I can say that the comfortable seating gives quite as much ease as a chair by my own fireside, and one can veritably glide through traffic in Town."

12th April, 1924. London, N.14.

The original of this letter is in the possession of the Singer Company, and thanks are extended to the sender.

OWN A SINGER FOR ECONOMY

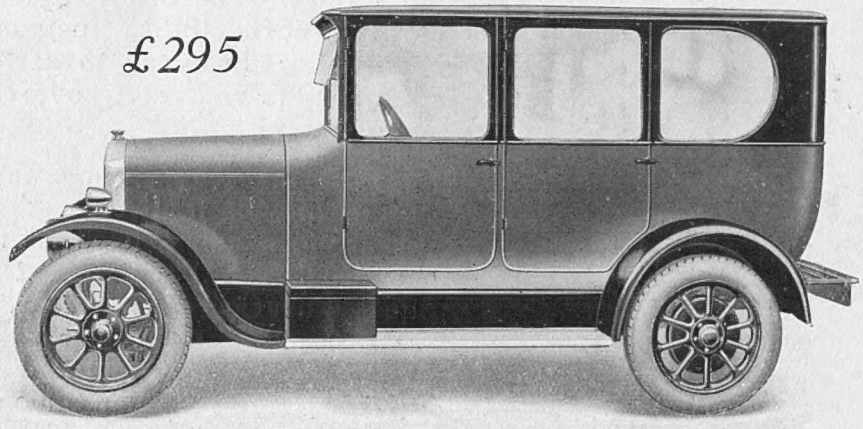
Here's a Singer to suit every taste. 10/26 h.p. Popular Four-Seater, £195. 10/26 h.p. de Luxe Two-Seater, £215. 10/26 h.p. de Luxe Four-Seater, £225. 10/26 h.p. Limousine Saloon, £295. 15 h.p. 6-cylinder Four-Seater, £450. Rotax Lighting and Starting Equipment. Dunlop Low-pressure Tyres. All Singer Cars can be purchased on Deferred Payments. □ □ □

SINGER & CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

London Showrooms: 17, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

London Service Depot: York Works, Brewery Road, Holloway, N.

£295



H.P.

WHAT TO SEND

to friends at Christmas is always a puzzle.

Why not a tin of

MACKIE'S EDINBURGH SHORTBREAD

It is seasonable, acceptable, and delicious beyond words.

Sample Tin 5/- *Post Free*

Then there is Mackie's Scotch Bun, Currant Loaf, Scotch Oatcakes, Fruit Cakes, Plum Puddings, and a host of other good things for Christmas; but *let us send you our Price List.*

J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.

Purveyors of Rusks and Shortbread to H.M. the King

108a Princes Street, Edinburgh

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

WHAT SHALL I GIVE?

As you plan your merry Christmas don't forget the greatest gift of all—that one to those who need it most. "Inasmuch—."

In this vast City's hidden Dockland slums are many who will awaken on Christmas morn to find an empty grate—empty stomach and, worse than all, an empty purse. Disappointed little kiddies heartbroken because Father Christmas DIDN'T come.

Think of the wistful pleading of Poplar's little ones. **"We ain't got no stocking to 'ang up but—don't let Santa Claus fergit us."** Will you? Of course you *can't* at this, the children's feast.

Respond to your heart when you read the appeal of this district of gloom and misery—the district with the slum horror rampant—and send your present now. Money, clothing, food, toys and sweets. No gift too small—none too large.

Address The Rev. W. Noël Lambert, St. Gabriel's Vicarage, Poplar, E.14.

HELP IS ASKED TO PULL THE SOCIETY OVER THE LINE INTO FINANCIAL EASE.

THE "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP and the Shaftesbury Homes

URGENTLY NEED £12,000 (The balance of £25,000.)

To liquidate a debt of £9,500 and to provide for maintenance.

10,000 Boys have been sent to Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine; 9,000 Boys have been trained for Civil Employment, and many hundreds have been Emigrated to the British Dominions. 1,100 Boys and Girls now being maintained.

Patrons—THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
President—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
Chairman and Treasurer—C. E. MALDEN, ESQ., M.A.
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THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR LIONEL HALSEY says:—"I have never seen the 'Arethusa' excelled."

A man's razor!

The time comes in most men's lives when shaving with a toy or a soft-steel razor becomes impossible. Then, longing for the clean shaves he enjoyed in adolescence, he finds in a Kropp razor the perfect shaving implement.

The Kropp's inherent keen edge and its responsiveness to the touch of the strop make the daily shave a certainty beforehand—a pleasure to be confidently anticipated.

In case, Black Handle, 10/6; Ivory Handle, 18/-.
From all Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, etc.

Send postcard for a copy of "Shaver's Kit" Booklet No 72.

Wholesale only: OSBORNE GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON W.1

DICKINS & JONES
Hosiery for Gifts

The problem of selecting appropriate Yuletide Gifts is easily solved at Dickins & Jones, where hosts of suggestions are being displayed. A Gift of Hosiery is a gift that is sure to please.

W.B.45. 'Zenith' Holeproof HOSIERY, guaranteed to give every satisfaction in wear. Lisle feet, double garter tops. In Black, White and fashionable shades. PER PAIR **5/11**

477 T. DICKINS & JONES' celebrated Holeproof Silk HOSE, lisle feet and double tops. Three pairs guaranteed not to ladder or develop holes within three months of date of purchase. Coupons given with not less than three pairs. Black, White and all leading Lines. PER PAIR **8/11**

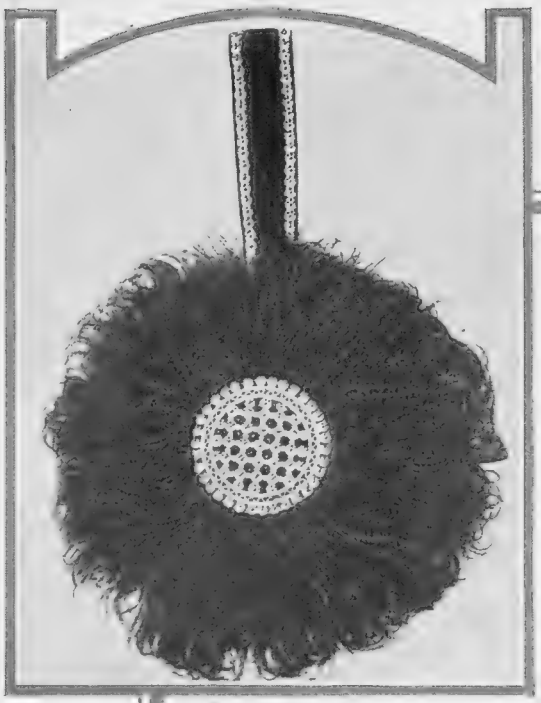
No. 1. Dainty Cretonne BOX with six pairs of pure Silk Hose, lisle feet and tops. In Black, White and colours. Six pairs for **47/6**
Also in better quality, 53/6.

No. 2. Fancy Cretonne-covered BOX given with three pairs of pure Silk Hose, plain good quality in Black, White and colours. Three pairs for **43/6**
Or with open clox, three pairs for 43/6.

No. 3. Attractive Cretonne BOX containing three pairs of extra heavy quality Silk Stockings. In Black or White only. Three pairs for **49/6**

W.B.70. Holeproof Cashmere HOSE, excellent quality and finish. Three pairs are guaranteed not to ladder or develop holes within three months of date of purchase. Coupons given with not less than three pairs. In Black, Stone, Greys, Fawns, Tan, Nigger, Mole and Covert. PER PAIR **5/6**
3 pairs for **15/9**

DICKINS & JONES Ltd., REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1



A wonderful show of Handbags, Leather Wallets and Novelties suitable for Xmas Gifts may be seen in the Fancy Leather Section on the Ground Floor

When ordering ask for P.L. 1555

New Evening Bag
with Diamante Mount, Ostrich Feathers and Silk Purse, inner division at back. In all fashionable colours; also Black **42/9**

HARRODS
HARRODS LTD LONDON SW

GLOVES AS ACCEPTABLE XMAS GIFTS

Five-button length sac shape, French Washable Kid Suede, 3 needle stitch point on back made by Reynier. In White, Light Grey, Mid Grey, Pastille, Putty, Light Tan, and Beaver.
8/6 per pair.

G. 225. Reynier's Best Quality Suede, lace effect in gauntlet *(as sketch)*. In Grey, Light Tan, and Light Beaver.
12/9 per pair.

G. 233. Best Arabian Lambskin, mocha finish. Selected Leather. In Tan, Brown and Slate.
12/9 per pair.

Two-button Prick Seam. Do. Do.
8/11

Dainty Boxes supplied without charge with purchases of two or more pairs

Illustrated Catalogue of Xmas Gifts Post Free

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

Sent on Approval

FURS FOR XMAS GIFTS

GUARANTEED FURS AT LOWEST WHOLESALE CITY PRICES

THE gift most appreciated is a Fur or Fur Coat, as they combine smartness with utility, and when purchased from us, economy also. We offer the finest value in Furs in London, our goods being reliable, guaranteed, well cut, good style and at Wholesale City Prices

Write for profusely Illustrated New Season's Catalogue Post Free.

The handsome model illustrated is of fine quality **SABLE MARMOT** from selected whole full-haired winter skins, soft and silky in texture, with particularly pliable pelts. Stocked in Mink or Sable colour, these garments are equal in appearance to genuine Kolinsky. While being very hard wearing, are light in weight and suitable for walking or motoring. Lined brocade and fully guaranteed.

WHOLESALE CITY PRICE 29½ Gns.

SUGGESTIONS FOR XMAS GIFTS

	GNS.
Animal Fox Stoles In Red, Grey, and Sable Colour	8½
Natural Skunk Wraps Will wear a lifetime	9½
Sable Fitch Stoles New Stone Marten Colour ...	12
Beaver Coney Coats Newest Short Models	15

Thousands of other fur gifts in stock. Prices from 45/- to £250.

Any article sent on approval. Money returned in full if not completely satisfied

We specialise in the renovation and remodelling of old furs and gladly give estimates, suggestions and advice free of charge.

CITY FUR STORE
64, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON, E.C.4

We have no shop: Our Showrooms are on the 1st & 2nd Floors.

Morocco Leather

Week End or Blouse Case

Beautifully lined Moiré, finished English lever locks and pockets for fittings. In Blue, Purple or Brown.

22x13½x6½ins. £7 12 6 | 20x13x6½ins. £6 17 6
18x12½x6½ins. £6 2 6 | 16x12x6½ins. £5 7 6

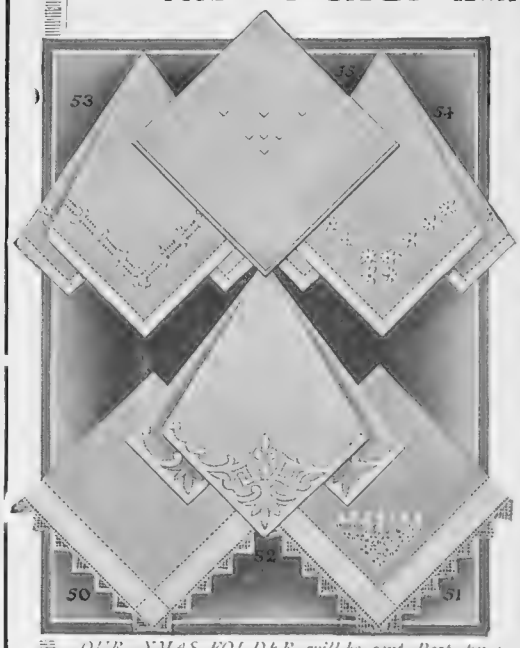
HARRODS

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

WALPOLES IRISH LINENS

The finest the world produces

"WALPOLE" HANDKERCHIEFS
"THE SENSIBLE XMAS GIFT"



Ladies' Lace, Appliqué and Embroidered Linen Handkerchiefs.

No.
50 *Real Armenian Lace Edged, all Pure Linen.* 11x11 *ins.* **1/6** *each.*
51 *All Pure Linen, edged Real Armenian Lace, one corner hand-drawn work.* **1/11½** *each.*
52 *Very fine Pure Linen, hand appliquéd all round.* **4/-** *each.*
53 *All Pure Linen, embroidered all round* **2/4** *each.*
54 *All Pure Linen, embroidered all round.* **1/5** *each.*
55 *Sheer All Pure Linen Lawn, Woven border, hand rolled hem, appliquéd by hand.* **1/9** *each.*

UNPRECEDENTED HALF-PRICE OFFER
REAL LACE HANDKERCHIEFS
Carrick-ma-Cross **7/6** **8/9** **10/6** **15/-** each
Limerick **6/-** **7/6** **10/6** each
Bruges **4/6** **5/6** each
The quantities of these being limited, an early order is advised.

OUR XMAS FOLDER will be sent Post Free
A SELECTION WILL BE SENT on request, if trade Reference is given.
WE PAY POSTAGE within the British Isles.

108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.8.
175-176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.
89-90, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

When Somebody asks for your Portrait

You can't give Somebody that photograph you had taken the year before last, in the year-before-last's frock. But there's nothing else in the drawer. So Somebody will have to go without—unless . . .

You should get the portrait habit. Only so can you have your infinite variety portrayed. You should go to a Progressive Photographer. Regularly. Including *now.*

How will you know a Progressive Photographer when you find one? You'll see the Looking Glass Lady in his window, for that's the sign he proudly shows. Here it is to guide you.

This advertisement has been issued by the National Publicity Association of Professional Photographers

STOCKINGS

AS ACCEPTABLE XMAS GIFTS

K.59. Fancy Check All Wool Stockings as sketch. In Brown, Grey, Fawn, Sand, and Natural, with Marl or White in each.
5/6 per pair.

Exceptional Offer in Broad-ribbed SpunSilk. In Black, Putty, Fawn, Light Beaver, Brown, Grey, Sand and Nude.
Size 8½ to 9½
11/9 per pair.
Size 10 **12/-**

K.5. Masel Silk Stockings for day wear, full fashioned throughout, with silk and open-work clocks. In Black, White, Flesh, Sunburn, Pastel, Champagne, Putty, Sunset, Silver, Mid Grey, Nude, Mushroom, Fawn, Grey, Light Tan.
13/6 per pair.

K.2. Our well-known Maximum Silk Hole-proof has given entire satisfaction to thousands of our customers. In Black, White, and all the latest shades.
5/11 per pair.
Three pairs for **17/6**

Sent on approval.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

Illustrated Catalogue of Xmas Gifts post free.

4711

Your Search for the Perfect Gift ends here

GIFTS useful as well as beautiful are most appreciated, and best express the Christmas holiday spirit.

A plentiful supply of "4711" is the most appropriate gift. Isn't it just the kind of present you would like to receive yourself? Long after the holidays have passed, such a present will continue to give pleasure and recall grateful memories of the giver.

Every woman and man should possess a supply of "4711"—the strongest and purest Eau de Cologne of world-wide repute.

Dealers supply "4711" in bottles at 2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 15/-, 30/- and 56/- each. A case holding six of the 4/9 size costs 28/6. One containing six double that size costs 52/6.

Whatever size you declare for, you can be assured that "4711" is the finest Eau de Cologne obtainable.

Of all Chemists, Stores and Dealers in High-Class Perfumes.

Ask for "4711"

Over 130 years' reputation for Guaranteed Purity, Full Strength & Lasting Fragrance

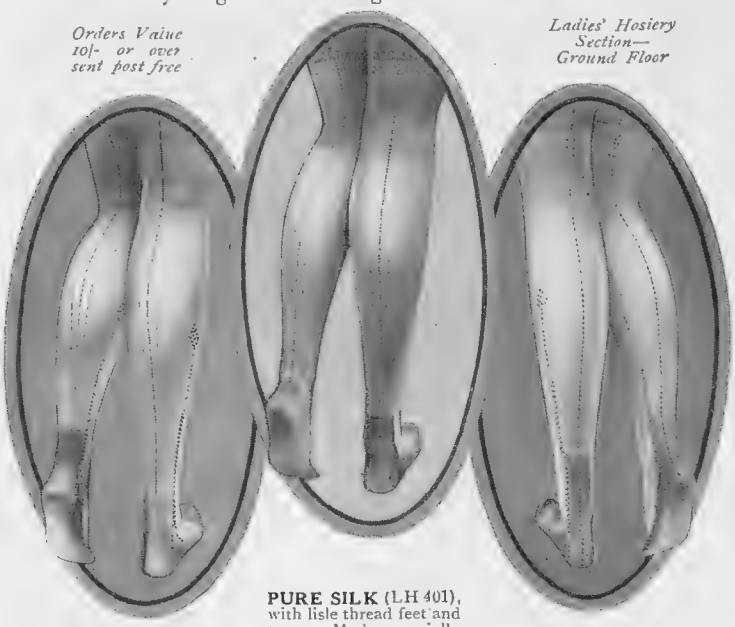
No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

Hosiery for Gifts!

Harrods Hosiery is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction in wear

Orders Value 10/- or over sent post free

Ladies' Hosiery Section— Ground Floor



PURE FRENCH SILK (LH 140), with reinforced lisle suspender tops; finished open clox. In Nude, Sunset, Sunburn, Peach, Beige, Champagne, Grey, Silver, Black, and White, **12/9**

3 pairs packed in box **36/6**

PURE SILK (LH 401), with lisle thread feet and tops. Made specially for Harrods. In Nude, Rachelle, Dark Nude, Tan, Bark, Silver, Nickel, Beige, Sunset, Sunburn, Black, and White, **7/11**

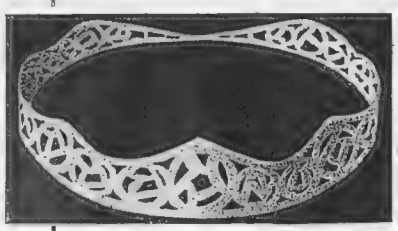
3 pairs packed in Gift Box - **22/-**

PURE FRENCH SILK (LH 95), finished open clox; lisle thread feet and tops. In Nude, Sunburn, Flesh, Apricot, Silver, Mid-Grey, Black, and White, **8/11**

3 pairs packed in box **25/6**

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW 1



Silver Diamantine Hand Cut Filigree Fitting Head-dress

29/6

Also in Colour

35/-

ORIGINAL AND BECOMING HAIR BANDS AS ACCEPTABLE XMAS GIFTS

Diamantine Head-dress

27/6

Various Designs

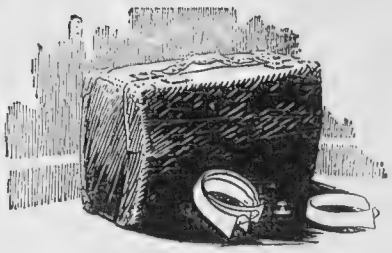
Diamantine Key Design

39/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1



Not even room for a Collar Stud!

THE ordinary Suit Case holds so much and no more! Men sit on it, bulge it, deluge it with oaths. But it remains geometrically obstinate!

Men said, "It is in the nature of things" this fixed Suit Case capacity. The inventor of the Revelation Rigid Expanding Suit Case said, "Nature of things be hanged!"

He evolved an idea. The Revelation Expanding Suit Case is still rigid. But it expands. It contracts. It is full for a week-end. It is full for a month. *It grows with your needs.*

The secret is simple. The locks expand. The hinges expand. The sides overlap. You lift the lid and the case expands.

But it is still Rigid!

There are Revelation Rigid Expanding Suit Cases in a variety of sizes and materials, from **30/-** upwards. They are specially constructed, and the expanding fittings are warranted (under guarantee of replacement) to stand an even greater strain than the Case itself. The Fittings will last as long as the Case. The Case will last a life-time.

Can you wonder that the news of the Revelation Rigid Expanding Suit Case is spreading like wildfire. It will become universal. *You* will buy one one day. Why not see it now!

The Revelation Rigid EXPANDING SUITCASE

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

The Revelation Rigid Expanding Suit Case will prove a creator of gratitude. Both Rosemary and the Revelation are for remembrance. Call off the hackneyed gift this year—give a REVELATION.

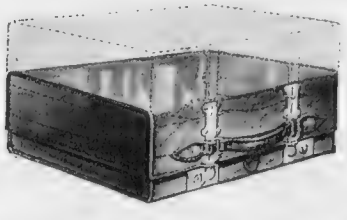
Write to-day for booklet B. and name of nearest Agent, or call at our Showrooms for a demonstration.

THE REVELATION EXPANDING SUIT CASE CO., LTD.

169, PICCADILLY, (facing Bond St.) 131, OXFORD ST., (opposite Bourne & Hollingsworth)

LONDON, W.1.

LEEDS, 62, Albion Street.



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BURBERRY OVERCOATS

provide the most attractive, purposeful and comfortable safeguards for Wintry weather. They are

ATTRACTIVE

because the designs are exclusive, the materials distinctive and the workmanship incomparable.

PURPOSEFUL

because Burberry Overcoats provide luxurious warmth when it is cold and perfect protection against rain and all damp.

COMFORTABLE

because, although weatherproof, they retain natural ventilation and are notable for their extremely lightweight.

Catalogue of Models & Patterns Post Free

Model A1733.

Every Genuine Burberry Garment bears the Burberry Trade-mark.

BURBERRYS
HAYMARKET
S.W.1 LONDON
Ed. Malesherbes PARIS ; & Agents
Burberrys Ltd

For all forms of Sport

A MILLS "TELESCOPIC" SEAT insures perfect comfort when shooting. Can be altered to any height between the lowest position, 22 in., and the highest, 34 in., making it possible to see and sit behind the highest and lowest butts.

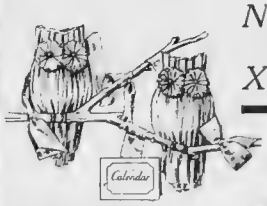
MILLS Pat. **SPORTSMAN'S SEATS.**

We have a complete range of seats to suit all purposes—Golfing, Racing, Fishing, Shooting.

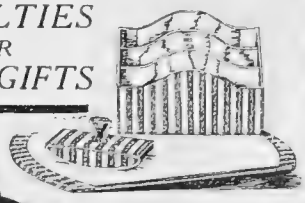
Write for illustrated List.

MILLS MUNITIONS, LTD., BRIDGE STREET WEST, BIRMINGHAM.

ATTRACTIVE FANCY NOVELTIES FOR XMAS GIFTS

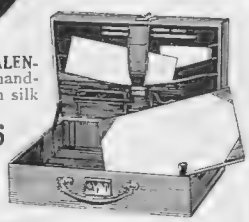


NOVELTY CALENDAR (as sketch) in crinkled decorative paper in artistic colours.
PRICE **3/11**



THREE-PIECE WRITING SET (as sketch) in striped leather. In fawn or grey.
PRICE **59/6** SET

ATTRACTIVE CALENDAR (as sketch), hand-painted figures in silk and net frocks.
PRICE **8/6**



MOTOR VANITY CASE (as sketch) in cross-grain morocco, fitted cigarette case, match case, note tablet, manicure and fancy puff. In various colours.
PRICE **35/6**

Debenham & Freebody
(LIMITED)
Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London W.

FITTED WRITING ATTACHE CASE (as sketch) in brown hide, lined leather.
PRICE **21/-**

BEAUTIFUL SHOES

Patent Gun Metal or Tan Calf.

Gold, Silver, Oxidised and other Brocades to Brown Satin.

Patent or Tan Kid

STOCKINGS FOR CHRISTMAS.

HANAN & SON

203 REGENT ST. W.1 — CORNER OF CONDUIT ST. *Mayfair* 1839

328-332 OXFORD ST. W.1 — OPPOSITE BOND ST *Mayfair* 3417

Telegrams, "Hanshuco, Wesdo, London"

DULCITONE

Regd.

The Light-Weight Piano that never needs tuning.

Has keys and touch like a good piano, a delightful harp-like tone, weighs only 60 lbs., and can be moved about with ease. It is not easily affected by variations of climate, and will not get out of tune. It has a compass of 5 octaves, and is beautifully made in dark oak or polished mahogany.

Price £25 net cash

or £4 down and 11 monthly payments of £2

Delivery in Great Britain carriage paid on receipt of price; or to any shipping port abroad for £4 extra. Write to-day for particulars to the Sole Makers:

Machells

52, Gt. Western Road, GLASGOW

Lowest Cost
PER BATTERY MILE
Exide THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY

It is not what a battery costs to buy that matters, but what it costs to use.

EXIDE first cost is now as low as any, and long life, with freedom from repairs, makes the ultimate cost the lowest of all.

THE Chloride ELECTRICAL STORAGE COMPANY LIMITED

CLIFTON JUNCTION, Near MANCHESTER.
219/229, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2.

CHAS.
FRODSHAM
& CO.

(*Watchmakers since 1750*)

: FINE ENGLISH :
WATCHES & CLOCKS

: Best Wristlet Watches :

27, SOUTH MOLTON STREET,
Bond Street, - - London, W.1

WOOLLANDS
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Distinctive and Practical Sports Attire for the Gentlewoman.

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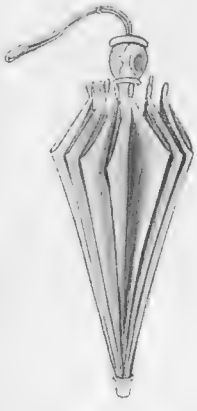

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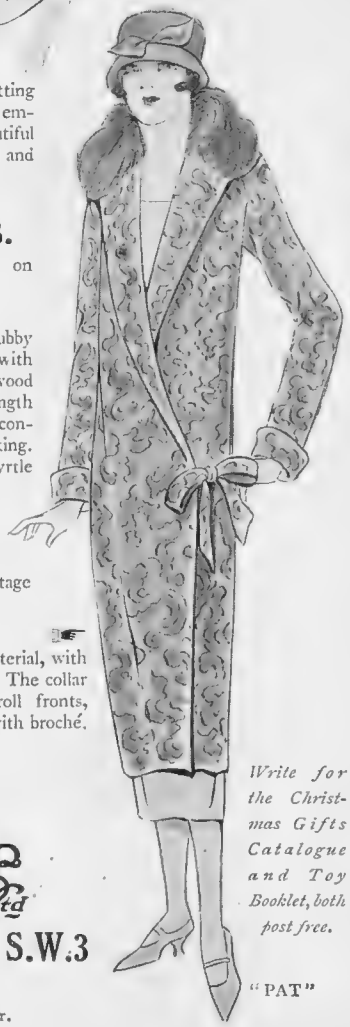

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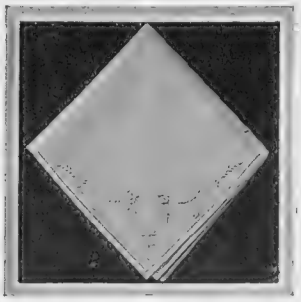

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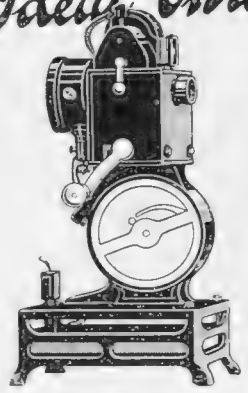

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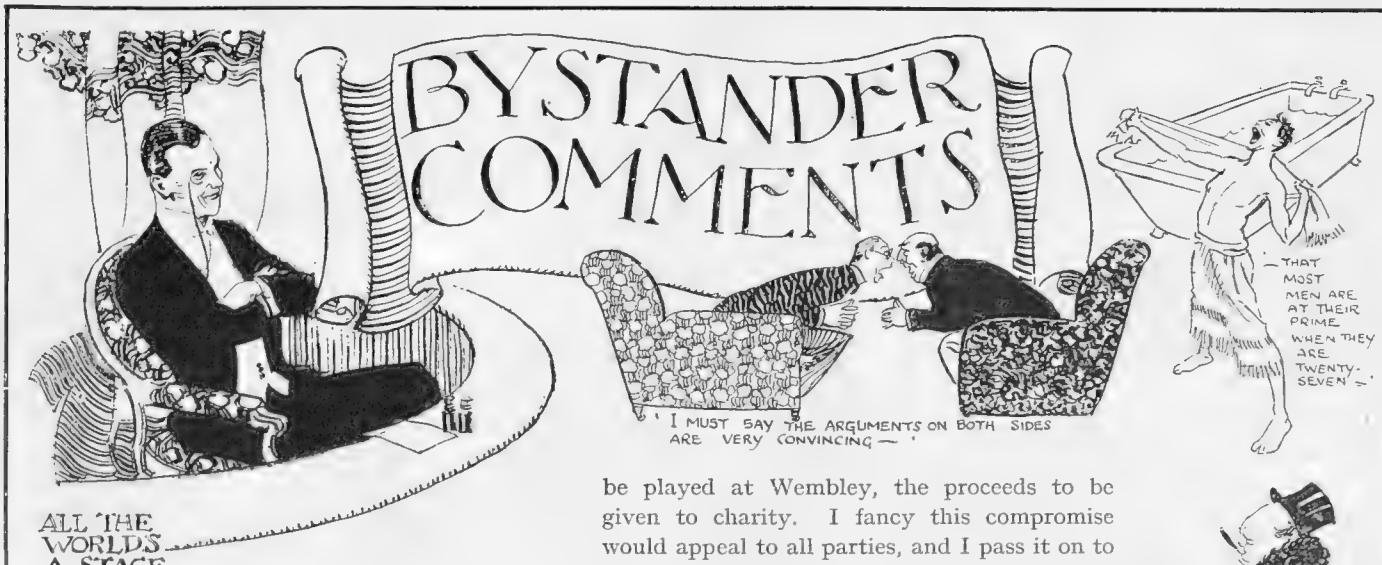


ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

Rugger *v.* Soccer

I DON'T know when I have come across such a direct conflict of opinion as that aroused by the suggestion to hold the big Rugger match at the Stadium instead of at Twickenham. Roughly, it is a case of Rugger enthusiasts against Soccer enthusiasts, and the former won't hear of any change.

For and Against

I MUST say that the arguments on both sides are very convincing. The pro-Stadiumites point out that a crowd of 120,000 would spread the gospel of Rugby football throughout the land, with the result that the minor matches would receive greater support in the future. Rugger supporters reply, somewhat brusquely, that they are quite content to keep the handling game to themselves, and that large crowds are rather a menace than otherwise.

I Am Dragged Into It

SUCH a discussion was going ding-dong, ding-dong the other evening in a private sitting-room of a Birmingham hotel. Rugger is making great strides in the Brummagem area, but that is by the way. I was quietly nursing a whisky and soda in the corner, when the old Rugger "Blue"—a stranger until that evening—suddenly turned to me and asked: "Did you see what THE BYSTANDER said about that match at Highbury? That's the sort of thing we're afraid of." It was a trying moment!

A Note for the Nabobs

ONE really sensible suggestion came out of the argument: That a second match between England and the All Blacks should be played at Wembley, the proceeds to be given to charity. I fancy this compromise would appeal to all parties, and I pass it on to nabobs at Twickenham for what it is worth.

He Must Guess Again

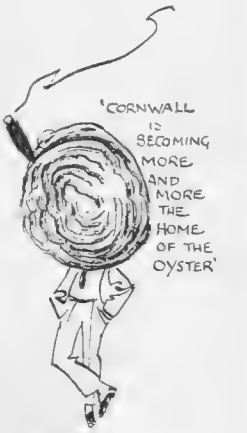
TWO small paragraphs rub shoulders in the *Sunday Times*. "Professor Karl Pearson has been saying that most men are at their prime when they are twenty-seven," and "Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, is fifty to-day." I'm afraid the professor's theory receives rather a rude shock from this strange juxtaposition. So far from thinking of Mr. Churchill as being past his prime, we are still apt to look upon him as a young and rather reckless politician, of whom great things are expected when he arrives at maturity. And Mr. Churchill, that hot-headed youth, is fifty years old! The professor must guess again in another thirty years or so.

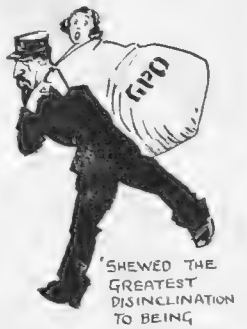
A Horrid Milestone

WHEN does a man usually begins to feel the weight of his years, and what are the symptoms that first disturb his equanimity? In the absence of penny postage I don't encourage correspondence as a rule, but I should very much like to hear a few opinions on this point. Round about the forties, when a man begins to feel that if he hasn't already made good he'd better be quick about it, would be my guess, though the compulsory knocking off of strenuous sport is another horrid milestone on the road of life, which finds us about as cheerful as was Dick Whittington when he sat on that other milestone on Highgate Hill.

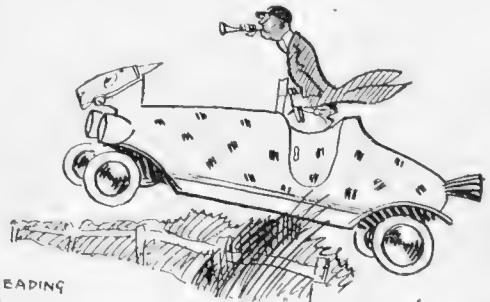
The Lure of London

TALKING of the immortal Dick, what is the lure that usually brings the provincial to London? I don't suggest that





'SHE ENTERTAINED HER NEW SPOUSE BY READING HER LATE HUSBAND'S LOVE LETTERS' —


'A FIELD MASTER' OF MOTOR CARS' —

'THE TIME OCCUPIED IN CARRYING THE VISITING CENTRE FORWARD OFF THE FIELD'

Richard was a provincial, but he felt the lure of London just the same. A young girl who came up from the country and figured in the Courts, told the magistrate that he "didn't know what it was in a small town," and showed the greatest disinclination to being sent home again. What *is* the lure of London to-day? Is it being run over in the Strand or standing for three hours in the rain waiting for a pit door to open? Is it the coloured lights of Piccadilly Circus, or the solemn calm of Knightsbridge on a Sunday morning? I don't know!

Natives of Cornwall

MEETING Sir Herbert Morgan, that man of many interests, I found him lyrical over the possible development of Cornwall—a subject on which I have frequently rhapsodised in these columns. But, while I have thought of Cornwall as a potential rival to the French Riviera, Sir Herbert seemed more concerned with the purely commercial aspect of the problem. Cornwall, it appears, is becoming more and more the home of the oyster—the Duchy of Cornwall oyster, *bien entendu*—and I gather that Colchester and Whitstable will have to look out.

HEART TO HEART TALK
"Puir Laddie! Come under my Plaidie!"

By Blam

Marking Time

HALF-TIME in the famous Wall Game at Eton is marked by the striking of the Colleger's clock. There is something automatic and definite about the striking of a clock that appeals to me. Why can't the interval in a big Soccer match be announced in the same way? The spectacle of a rather worried gentleman taking furtive looks at his watch has always annoyed me, and I would much prefer that the booming of the local Big Ben should mark the cessation of hostilities. Of course, you have all jumped at the reason why this can't be done, even though the clock is specially set for the purpose. The time occupied in carrying the visiting centre-forward off the field has to be allowed for!

More Officials

NONE too soon, the famous Blankney Hunt have appointed a "field-master of motor-cars" to regulate the road traffic and to reduce the inconvenience caused at meets of hounds. This step follows closely upon Lord Dalmeny's threat to followers of the Whaddon to take hounds home unless the motor-car nuisance was abated. And now we may expect to find an additional official appointed to keep an eye on spectators at football matches, audiences in theatres and at prize-fights, visitors to picture galleries, and what not. The next time I go to the first night of a bad play, I shall look carefully about me before I proceed to make a noise like a female rattlesnake defending her young.

Whose Letters?

HERE is a sad story! A husband and wife separated for ever and the wife married. During the long winter evenings, she entertained her new spouse by reading her late husband's love-letters. How they laughed! Getting to hear of this, the first husband tried to steal the letters, and was sent to prison for a month. Apparently, the judge considered that they were no longer his property, and, this being so, what about the young author—this is an authentic case—who published in a novel the letters he had written to a lady friend? Could she not sue him successfully for a share of the royalties—if any? I await your ruling.

A Poor Prophet

MR. H. G. WELLS is a humorist. In his new book, *A Year of Prophesying*, he says: "If I am not actually tucked up in my literary death-bed, I am at least sitting on it." I implore those admirers of Mr. Wells who may be contemplating suicide not to rush out and disturb the serenity of the duck-weed of their village pond. The last time I met Mr. Wells, and that was only a couple of weeks ago, he was looking as chirpy as Mr. Polly when that gallant gentleman had finally freed himself from the irksome bonds of matrimony. I feel sure Mr. Wells is a poor prophet in this instance.

John Bull's "Bowler"

WHEN Mr. Baldwin arrived at the first meeting of his new Cabinet wearing a bowler hat it was permissible to wonder whether John Bull should not be shown in future cartoons in a similar headgear and sporting a cherry-wood pipe. After all, we must move with the times, and it is necessary that this traditional figure should be typical of his period.

Not Dead Yet

OPPONENTS of the bowler hat will remind me that, although it was patronised by the Prime Minister, most of his colleagues in the Cabinet stuck religiously to the top hat. There was a time when it seemed possible that the shiny splendour of the "topper" was on the wane, but now I am not so sure. Much depends on the influence Mr. Baldwin exerts in sartorial circles. Once again, even though Mr. Asquith has gone to Egypt, we who stay at home must wait and see.

Eastward Bound

Alexander Corbett

PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

Who left town last week for India, where they will spend the winter. They travelled part of the way from Paris to Marseilles with the Duke and Duchess of York

OVER THE BORDER [*Topical*

The Prince of Wales chatting with friends at the meet of the Buccleuch Hounds at Minto House. The group includes Lord and Lady Minto, their daughter Lady Bridget Elliot, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and Vice-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey

Photopress

BON VOYAGE

The Duke and Duchess of York arriving at the quay at Dover where they left for Paris, en route for their winter holiday in British East Africa. They later sailed from Marseilles for Mombasa

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Opening of Parliament

EVEN at the beginning of a new Session, life takes on a heavy complexion for those officials in the House of Lords whose task it is to allot the seats for the Royal opening ceremony. But when the ceremony starts a new Parliament on its course their task is increased heavily. The number of applications for seats for yesterday's ceremony, I am told, surpassed all records, and the officials were driven to their wits' end in finding accommodation even for the people who had a prescriptive right to be present.

The Indefatigable Prince

THE Prince of Wales's energy seems inexhaustible. Last Monday he travelled from Sandringham to London after the family luncheon in honour of Queen Alexandra's eightieth birthday, and left the same night for Edinburgh. A short time after his arrival at Minto House, where he was the guest of the Earl and Countess of Minto, for his Edinburgh visit, he was in the saddle for a meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's Hunt. The Prince was mounted by Lord Dalkeith, the Duke of Buccleuch's eldest son. After a strenuous

day's hunting he danced merrily all the evening.

Latin and Welsh

THE Prince is showing increasing signs of a pretty sense of humour in his public speeches. At the Mansion House, where he lunched with the Lord Mayor before presiding over the meeting at the Guildhall of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society—a society which helps the mercantile sailor at every turn in his life and cares for his dependents—the Prince, in telling the company that 100,000 guineas were urgently needed to carry on the work, suggested that in filling up the subscription forms he would like them " to remember that four figures are better than three, and that three figures are better than none at all."

At Edinburgh, after being made an Honorary Doctor of Laws of the University, he made an amusing *riposte* to the Earl of Balfour, who presided at the ceremony. He reminded Lord Balfour that at Cambridge he had conferred upon him a degree in Latin, " a language with which, I regret to say, I am unable to claim great familiarity." Shortly afterwards, the Prince went on to say it was his turn " to retaliate," when as Chancellor of the University of Wales he admitted Lord Balfour to a degree in that University, and " it fell to my lot to address you at some length in Welsh." Then he said, " Now, for the third time, with no handicap on one side or the other, we meet in a common tongue, and the match, if I may put it so, remains ' all square.' "

Now, I ask you, isn't that very neat? It will be news, I think, for most people that the Prince speaks Welsh.

A Curious History

THE late Duke of Beaufort, the *doyen* of the hunting world and one of the finest sportsmen in England, owed his succession to the dukedom to a special Act of Parliament. His grandfather, the seventh Duke, as Marquis of Worcester married a Miss Fitzroy, the daughter of Lady Anne Fitzroy, who was a sister of the great Duke of Wellington. Lady Anne, after the death of her first husband, married a Mr. Culling Smith, by whom she had a daughter, Miss Culling Smith, who became a great favourite with her uncle, the Iron Duke, and was continually at Apsley House.

A great friendship sprang up between Lord Worcester and his wife's step-sister, and when Lady Worcester died after having presented him with two daughters, he married Miss Culling Smith. Doubts were raised as to the legality of the marriage. To prevent further scandal and any question as to the legitimacy of the issue of the marriage, Lord Worcester's father, the sixth Duke, aided by the powerful support of the Duke of Wellington, had a Bill passed through Parliament legalising such marriages. If the heir after Lord Worcester, Lord Granville Somerset, had chosen to protest, the Bill, I believe, could not

AT THE SAVOY [*G. P. U.*

Sir Robert Graham (left) and Lord Riddell at the luncheon given by London newspaper and periodical publishers to celebrate the jubilee of the firm of Graham and Co., Glasgow. Sir Robert was presented with a pair of Waterford Glass table lights and an Irish " Ogee "-shaped fruit bowl

AT WISHAW HOUSE [*Compton Collier*

The engagement of the Master of Belhaven, the son of Lord and Lady Belhaven, and Miss Heather Bell was recently announced. The above group, taken at Lord Belhaven's seat, Wishaw House, shows seated: Lady Belhaven (left), Miss Heather Bell, and Lady Raglan. Standing: Lord Belhaven (left), the Master of Belhaven, and Lord Raglan

A WEDDING PAIR [*Bassano*

Mr. Cecil W. B. Eames, J.P., of Pentre, and his bride, Miss Dorothy Rice-Evans, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Walter Rice-Evans, a former High Sheriff of Glamorgan. The wedding took place at St. George's, Hanover Square

have been passed. But Lord Granville Somerset, out of consideration for the family prestige, refused to take any action, and Parliament, consequently, removed whatever illegality there may have been in the seventh Duke's second marriage.

It is a curious history of bygone times. This second marriage took place about a hundred years ago. Dukes then had a power and influence which would make the Socialists of to-day roll over and over and over with rage and jealousy.

Special Concessions

THE Beaufort family have a special privilege. All expresses have to stop at the little station at Badminton by their desire. The reason is this. When the line, which is known as the Great Western Railway, was being built, it was found necessary to run a portion of it through the park at Badminton. The late Duke's father, in selling the necessary land, made the stipulation that all express trains should stop at the little Badminton station whenever it suited the ducal plans. The privilege has been of great convenience to the Beauforts and to the stream of guests who for years have enjoyed their hospitality.

Another instance of special concessions demanded from a railway company in return for the selling of land is the Countess of Cromartie's private waiting-room at Kildary Station on the Highland Railway. Kildary is the station for Tarbat House. When the line was made, her predecessors in the property insisted on a private waiting-room being built for their sole use. It is seldom used now, but there it is, filled with odd early Victorian furniture and rows of footstools in front of the stuffy chairs and sofas. And there is a large round table in the middle of the room.

A HUNTING ENGAGEMENT *Alfieri*

Lieut.-Col. William Selby-Lowndes, the former M.F.H. and a well-known figure during times of stress in the Whaddon Chase country, and Mrs. T. G. Wotherspoon of Monkton, Ayrshire, whose engagement was announced last week

A Changed Outlook

THE War, or, rather, the social *débâcle* in Austria and Germany, following the War, has broken down the cast-iron rule of "equal marriages." Formerly, if a noble married a woman of commoner rank he lost all the privileges of his birth and the inheritance of any family property. The higher the rank the more rigidly was the rule applied. Consequently the engagement of Prince Ferdinand Liechtenstein to Miss Brunner, the daughter of Mr. Roscoe Brunner, of Brunner Mond, would have been practically an impossibility before the War, that is, if they had decided to make their home in Austria.

Prince Ferdinand is not a member of the reigning branch of the Liechtenstein house, but of the fourth line of the family, and I think I am right in saying that he has a post in a bank in Vienna, another thing that would have been impossible before the War. At any rate, when I was in Austria last summer I met a very pleasant young Prince Liechtenstein, who, entirely unlike the majority of his compatriots of similar rank and birth, who do nothing except rail at the changed condition of things, was working in a bank. And I think this is Miss Brunner's *fiancé*.

This is the second engagement this year between Austrian *noblesse* and foreign wealth. In July, a son of Count Sternburg—whose countship dates from the time of Charlemagne—became engaged to a daughter of Sir Edgar Speyer, who, it will be remembered, was deprived of his British nationality and Privy Councillorship

Sport and General

COMPARING PRICES

Lord Lascelles and Princess Mary with Mrs. Clayton and Major Grier at the Newmarket Winter Bloodstock Sales held in Park Paddocks last week. Lord Lascelles bought Illusion, a bay mare, from Messrs. Brice's stud

IN PARK PADDOCKS [*Sport and General*

The Hon. Robert and Mrs. Alexander with Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Shaw at the Newmarket Bloodstock Sales. The third day's sales broke all records, and there was some brisk buying and high prices all round

Alfieri

LADY ELTHAM AND MRS. HARRY TUFTON

three years ago. All arrangements had been made for a brilliant marriage in New York when the engagement was suddenly broken off.

Stamps as Revenue

LIECHTENSTEIN is a sovereign State which was "run" by Austria very much as Monaco is "run" by France, but with the proviso that if the Austrian Empire ceased to exist the Prince of Liechtenstein automatically resumed all his sovereign rights. This happened after the War, but as nobody knew anything about the proviso, the little principality was never mentioned at Versailles and no arrangement was made for its inhabitants. The task of supporting them and himself has, therefore, fallen on the reigning Prince. The chief source of revenue of the small State comes from the sale of postage stamps, new sets of which are frequently issued and eagerly snapped up by stamp-collectors.

Dinard as a Winter Resort

MOST folk look upon Dinard as entirely a summer place, but every year its winter charms attract more and more people. There are some charming villas there, especially on the Malouine and an excellent English club. Lochiel and Lady Hermione Cameron are amongst the English people wintering at Dinard this year.

Autumn Private Views

THE autumn season is now as busy for artists as the spring. There are exhibitions at most of the galleries, and a good many artists are having private views. One of these is Mr. Frank M. Bennett whose delightful *genre* work generally finds a good place in the Royal Academy. Mr. Bennett has a studio in Ebury Street in a quaint Georgian house close to Lady Sackville's. Last week he had an exhibition of portraits. The two I liked best were a group of the two grandchildren of Mr. Radclyffe, who was Master of the South Dorset for so long, and a portrait of Miss Mallet, the niece of Sir Louis Mallet, our Ambassador in Constantinople just before the War.

AT LEICESTER—LAST WEEK

Some of those who went to watch the jumping gees at Leicester. Outstanding events were the Quorn Hunt Steeplechase (with those two splendid jumpers, Vaulx and Harrismith, in good form) and the disappointing display of Wootton's Rossieny, the hot favourite for the Hurdle Handicap—and, of course, the muttered rumblings of boycotts and blood from the Bookmakers' and Backers' Association!

Alfieri

CAPTAIN FELL AND LADY WISHART THOMSON

Alfieri

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER AND LADY ZIA WERNHER

Our Birthday Ball

THERE is probably no need to remind you that THE BYSTANDER celebrates its twenty-first birthday by joining hands with the Chelsea Arts Club in the ball which the Club is giving at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve. But I mention it because the first thousand tickets are already sold, and when the available tickets at two guineas each are exhausted, the price of the remainder will probably be raised. So lose no time in getting your tickets. They may be obtained from Mr. G. Sherwood Foster, 15, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W. 7, or Mr. Frank L. Lascot, THE BYSTANDER Offices, Graphic Buildings, E.C. 4; the money must accompany the application.

Sport and General

MR. F. E. WITHINGTON AND MISS PAMELA COVENTRY

L. N. A.

A SUCCESSFUL MARINE ENGAGEMENT

Major R. A. D. Brooks, R.M., D.S.O., the hockey international and Hampshire cricketer, leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, with his bride, Miss Violet Turner Laing, of Cooden, Sussex

To Save Reculver

SPEAKING of dances the Duchess of Atholl has given her patronage to one which is to be given next Tuesday, the 16th, at Claridge's, to raise £200 to complete the purchase of the Roman site of Reculver on the Kent coast. The land inside the great walls of the old Roman fortress at Reculver has been offered for sale. A big effort has to be made to save this historic site, for unless it is purchased for the Nation it will be built upon and further excavation will be impossible. This is the first time, I believe, that a ball has ever been given for an archæological and historical purpose. Tickets (30*s.* each, including supper) may be obtained from Major Gordon Home, 1, King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C. 4. If you choose you can wear Roman dress, though it isn't really necessary when in this latest Rome, to "do as Rome does."

Aitken

PEACE-TIME MANŒUVRES AT BYFLEET

Lieutenant H. Salisbury Squance, R.N., of H.M.S. Emperor of India, with his bride, Miss Beryl Sheen (daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. C. C. Sheen) and the best man and page, after their marriage ceremony at St. John's, Byfleet

AS YOU WEAR! [*G. P. U.*

A preliminary chat—doubtless mainly about costumes—by the wearers during a tea-time conference in connection with the Chelsea Arts and Bystander Birthday Ball to be held at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve

A Necessary Handbook

THE new Parliament and the new Ministry have meant a great deal of labour for those who compile the handbooks of reference which seem to grow steadily in size year by year. Kelly's *Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes,* 1925 (Kelly's Directories, 30*s.*) is the first in the field with a list of the members of the new House of Commons, and of the Government. In addition there are biographical details, alphabetically arranged, of over 30,000 people. An excellent feature, which helps greatly in finding names is a "catch-line" at the top outside corner of the pages. This is an innovation. One cannot get on without one's *Kelly,* and the new issue, like its fifty predecessors, is a veritable encyclopædia of information about everybody who is anybody.

"Three's Quite Good Company"

Compton Collier

LADY CLARKE

Wife of Sir Rupert Clarke, with her two sons, John and Ernest, at Brockwood Park, her Hampshire home near Alresford. Lady Clarke hails from New South Wales. Sir Rupert's father was, in his day, a well-known Member of the Legislative Council of Victoria

RUGGER RAGGINGS

SWAN SONGS AT SWANSEA

By "PENDARVES"

I WISH I had not gone now. It was so depressing. But Gwyn Jones insisted. He had procured seats in the stand—no need for the touch-line turmoil we both suffered last year, he assured me—also he inveigled me into tossing who should pay the railway fares, and I won. So there was no way out.

Besides, Gwyn, with patriotic fervour, said, "You never know; Wales on the St. Helen's ground, which will be wet, and the All Blacks up against a team which can resort to 'practices' (he did not use this term) as well as most people when called upon . . . and supposing we *do* put it across them, we should never forgive ourselves for not being there . . . it has got to be done, my boy." And so it was.

You could hardly hear yourself speak in the town of Swansea for the songs. "Men of Harlech" sounds perfectly topping outside the railway refreshment room at 1 p.m. But it was by way of being a bit of a swan song when we heard it that evening all the way up in the train as far as Newport. It had the tone of a dirge in it.

Any ordinary human beings destined to play against Wales on that day would have experienced a faint tremor down the spine, I think, on hearing the battle-cries of the 50,000 people gathered round that famous, and fatal, ground. It was the biggest crowd that had ever packed into the St. Helen's arena. I suppose at one time there must have been at least 30,000 men singing the hymns (hymns, mark you !) played by the band, and conducted by a prophet with a flaming baton from the centre of the field. It affected me so that I got all tied up in the throat—couldn't speak—could only nod dumbly at Gwyn when he yelled into my ear, "Look you, have you ever heard anything like this before ?" I hadn't.

Neither had the All Black team in the dressing-rooms. They were utterly unmoved. Merely slightly amused, and rather pleased at the compliment. They all bore the look of men "full out" mentally, as they were soon to be magnificently full out physically. That was all.

And the game; only twice during the first half did the picked warriors of Wales succeed in getting beyond the enemy's "25 yards" line. Think of that ! Of course, Wales played fine Rugby. No critic can deny it. The All Blacks merely played better, as they have always played better than any British team they have been up against so far. Where Wales failed, and Ireland failed, and London, and the 'Varsities, and all the other defeated sides failed was in just that department of the game known as "following up."

Following up with these New New Zealanders is a fetish, a first principle. They carry it to excess sometimes—but no matter. To excess as was instanced when the Welsh three-quarter Finch got going and was nearly over. They did not leave him to the safe, clutching hands of Nepia, who had already marked him down unerringly; on the contrary, I counted four black jerseys crawling off the red one, who was underneath. This happened time and again, as in all their games. In short, a New Zealander is never finished with a movement. When he has passed, or when somebody else near has passed, it matters not. HE GOES ON, after the ball. So, as the Welsh found, and the Irish found, as France will certainly find, and as I fear England to their cost will find, when a man is about to be tackled it is not by one speedy and very determined opponent, but by at least two, generally three. Why don't we do this ?

And they never stop. Here, in Wales, during an international match upon which so much hung, glory and honour and a repetition of Cardiff nineteen years ago, one actually saw, not once, but several times, the Welsh three-quarters WHERE THEY STOOD ! "At the halt," as the Company Sergeant-Major use to roar at us. No New Zealander could do this if he tried. But he would not try.

Of course, this type of pyrotechnic play necessitates an excessively fit man to keep it up on a heavy ground throughout a long and gruelling game. We are constantly hearing the remarks about them that "they are so terribly fit always." But so ought we to be. And nobody seems to reflect that they have, I think miraculously, avoided the staleness that follows too much of a good thing in the way of Rugger, or any other game.

No—as Kipling says, "There were a hundred thousand reasons for failure, and not a single excuse." Wales were a beaten side from considerably before half-time. They were outgeneralled and out-played everywhere. As conclusive a victory and defeat as all the New Zealand spectators and all the bellowing Welshmen present are ever likely to see on that ground—or on any other for that matter.

I wonder what the English Selection Committee is thinking about it ?

I do not envy them their job.

Topical

THE FIELD GAME AT ETON

An incident in the final round of the Lower Boy Cup Final, when Mr. Todd's beat Mr. Chute's by two forced rouges to nothing

"The Rivals"

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

Our artist's impression of some prominent people in 'Varsity rugger circles to-day (Tuesday), when interest in the victorious progress of the All Blacks is for the moment overshadowed by the fortunes of the All Blues at Twickenham

Willie Burke

A GOVERNMENT HOUSE GROUP IN INDIA

The Government House party including His Excellency Lord Goschen (Governor of Madras) with Lady Goschen, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Balfour, the Hon. Cicely Goschen and Mrs. Balfour's two little children (quite cool and collected in their baby sun-hats), watching the Sports on Armistice Day

On the Allées at Cannes

The Riviera Week by Week

By J. GALBRAITH HORN

THE famous theatre at Monte Carlo by Garnier was filled and thrilled to the last *strapontin* during the representations of the *Miracle des Loups*, written by MM. Dupuy-Mazuel and A. P. Antoine for the music of M. Henri Rabaud. As a film, this historical story, arranged by M. Raymond Bernard, was superb. The siege of Beauvais by Charles—the Bold—in the time of Louis XI, the horrible fight against the wolves, the charming of wolves and men (synonymous, some say) by Jeanne Hachette, marvellously picture the romance of ancient warfare and the cruel verities of realism in nature; but it is farcical to fear for the death of opera by such rivalry—however fine the music, the orchestra or the vocal accompaniments may be. I, for one, trust that the archaic opera ballet may dance on through the ages till the crack of doom.

BRIDGE and Mah-Jong and musical teas are tumbling over each other, as well as lunches and dinner-parties. The Baroness Orczy at her Villa Bijou, in its quaint little Italian garden, with its fountains and sundial, entertains a great deal. On Friday at tea there I noted Lady Eardley Wilmot and Miss Mathieson Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Crawford, Mrs. Chunn, Mrs. Ralli, the Earl of Mar and his niece, Mrs. Ferguson, Lady Parry, Miss Bacon, Miss Victoria Campbell, Mrs. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Copland, Mrs. Chadwick, and many other leading residents. On Thursday Mrs. Chunn received a huge gathering of friends, to which she is always adding, in her delightful flat above Barclay's Bank, Miss Bacon's rooms—full of old pictures and *bibelots*, with histories attached—are very often open at tea-time. Colonel and Mrs. Stanton, the Hon. Alastair and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Henley, Mr. and Mrs. Poole, Mrs. Apcar, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holland, Mr. Charles E. White and Miss Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Twining, Dr. and Mrs. Pryce Mitchell, Miss Victoria Campbell, Mrs. Smitton, Major and Mrs. Harry Pollit and crowds of others have been guilty of numerous recent hospitalities, some of them at the Golf Club. The dining season at the restaurants, except the gala dinners at the Café de Paris, has hardly begun yet, and Ciro's does not open till Christmas time.

Keystone

UN PETIT PROMENADE

Mr. Bisschop van Tuirien, with his daughter and grandchildren on the Promenade at Cannes

E. Navello

WHERE SUNSHADES GO IN WINTER!

Dr. Price Mitchell, a well-known figure on the Riviera, where he has practised for thirty-seven years

E. Navello

LADY DE BATHE

In the garden of her charming Riviera home, appropriately named "Le Lys," above the valley of Ste. Dévote

THE Mentone Tennis and Croquet Club has again spent a lot of money on improvements, and their three croquet grounds are in fine order, and many *habitués* are already in residence. The new tennis club at Garavan has a very sunny outlook from its verandah, and is very busy under the Presidency of the Mayor and of General Sir John du Cane. General Sir Archibald and Lady Paris are back. Major-General and Mrs. Money, Brigadier-General and Mrs. Alexander, and Admiral and Mrs. Hoare are at the Mediterranée, where Sir Walter Townley, Sir William Davies, and Lady Tracey are arriving shortly. Sir Theodore and Lady Angier are at the Hotel d'Orient. The dance teas have been started at the Majestic on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Major-General Sir John and Lady Leach, Lord and Lady Waleran, Lady Watts, Comte and Comtesse de Bourbel, Lady Darell, Brigadier-General and

Mrs. R. F. Johnson, Major-General and Mrs. Harris, Brigadier-General and Mrs. Clifford, Admiral Sir Henry Wood, and Lady Crawford are also at Mentone.

THE Bristol Hotel at Beaulieu should be ready after great alterations in January. There will be a fine Ambassadeur Restaurant with a first-class dance band from town. There are now seven tennis courts, with Beamish as pro., two of which will be reserved for visitors at the Hotel Metropole at Monte Carlo.

LIKE Bordighera, which opened with a medal competition, Monte Carlo has opened the ball early with a pro. competition for handsome money prizes offered by Mrs. A. S. Walker on November 25 over thirty-six holes. The Cannes Country Club, the Cannes Golf Club and Bordighera entered their pros., but Nice refused permission, to the disappointment and surprise of golfers here. The course is in fine order at this time of year, and, though short, is probably the best test of golf on the Riviera just now, owing to the variety and quality of the natural hasards on this mountain shoulder.

AS the course, though only 4,400 yards long, is very varied, and each green is well trapped by natural hasards, the local pros. had the best chance. Arthur Grant, despite an injured hand, played a fine game, especially in the afternoon in a gale of wind. He totalled 75 and 72=147, and won 1,000 francs. The veteran Callaway, from Cannes, who was pro. at Baden-Baden when the War broke out, and who was cruelly imprisoned at Ruhleben during the War, losing all his valuable shop stock of balls, golf clubs, etc., without so far being compensated, played jolly well, and, with 76 and 77=153, won 500 francs. Norman Grant, from the new Cannes Country Club, was third with 76 and 78=154, and won 250 francs. The eight players much enjoyed their day and the pleasant lunch in the big Sun parlour, which will soon be daily crowded with hundreds of hungry followers of the royal and ancient game, explaining how they just missed "birdies." As Peter Gannon truly said, this course is whiles "the acid test of golf."

THE BYSTANDER Cups, value £5 each, for mixed handicap foursomes, are again being given to the Monte Carlo, Nice, Hyères, Costebelle and Valescure Clubs. They created much interest last year, and secured record entries.

COLONEL RONALD BROOKE, the President of Valescure Golf Club, accompanied by Mrs. Ronald Brooke and her daughter, Miss Moyra Ponsonby, left Valescure last month on a visit to Rome. Before he left, Colonel and Mrs. Brooke gave a delightful luncheon at the clubhouse. Among those present were M. le Préfet du Departement du Vai, M. Barnier and his wife, Princess Karageorgevitch, Colonel Howard Hall, Mr. Hilles (President of the new golf Club at Mougins) and Mrs. Hilles, Admiral Lord Wester Wemyss and Lady Wemyss, etc. Many prospective new members have arrived in the neighbourhood, and everything points to a successful season.

E. Navello

FASHION AND FLANNELS

Lady Spearman (left), Mrs. Percy Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. G. Butler in summery garb on the terrace at Monte Carlo

The Lure of Monte

Monte Carlo is the recognised Mecca of the Riviera, and pleasure-seekers from all over the world flock to its Casino and to take part in the many attractions the place offers. But the intending visitor who is none too sure of the merits of the different hotels or the sporting facilities, can obtain a list from the different touring agencies in London. A friend in need to all seeking helpful information is Mrs. M. Henon, "Le Palis," Rue des Roses, Monte Carlo, who will be pleased to give any particulars free of charge and will answer letters by return of post.

MIXED METHODS AT MONTANA

[Anderson and French

It is not often that skating and lawn tennis are possible next-door to one another, though one has wintry recollections of English grass courts with slithery surfaces after the usual rain! Here is a delightful scene from Montana, where the two sports are in progress, under glorious conditions, at the Palace Hotel

FAITE VOS JEUX!

TENNIS

POLO

GOLF

BATHING

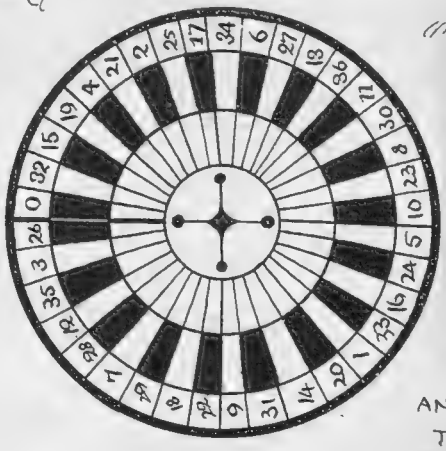
MOTORING

RACING

THE OLDEST GAME IN THE WORLD

DANCING

RIVIERA 1924


AND ALWAYS — THE TABLES

BY NICK

PAY YOUR MONEY AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE

The Côte d'Azur is the Variety Stage of the pleasure-seeking world, and all tastes from tennis to tango and from polo to "punting" at the tables can be satisfied within the borders of Europe's playground

Motley Musings

WE read that a native potentate in the regions of New Guinea has just been killed and eaten by the inhabitants of a rival village. "So 'e ain't gonna reign no more!"

. . . . . .

THE Fulham goalkeeper is said to be in wonderful form this season. Last Saturday we are informed that his display at the shallow end bordered on the miraculous.

. . . . . .

AT the time of writing, the "cat burglar" is still at large. The report that he was last seen lapping up a saucer of milk is not officially confirmed. It is, however, stated that the cat's kit is more than adequate.

. . . . . .

When Aunt revoked, it caused much tribulation,
And ended in a little slamentation!

. . . . . .

WE learn that a fire in a poulterer's shop in the Midlands was extinguished by the prompt action of an errand boy. "The boy stood on the burning duck," we suppose.

. . . . . .

MEM for Winston: To axe the taxes.

. . . . . .

"HAVEN'T you finished mending my sock?"

"Give me a minute, John; I'm doing my darndest!"

. . . . . .

A RECENT dog show seems to have been a noisy and cheery affair. The baying of one deerhound in particular several times awoke an echo from the Skye.

WHAT OFFERS?

Let others praise as fancy wills
Their choice of British plants or shrubs,
The aspidistra's pointed quills,
Or prickly cactus (found in tubs);
For me there's only one, you know;
And that's the good old mistletoe!

Beneath its shade girls may indulge
Their hectic fancy for Romance;
And even men whose waistcoats bulge,
Occasionally get a chance,
And feel when 'neath a sprig they get,
There's life within the old dog yet!

I am a man intensely shy,
Whom for that flaw the flapper scorns,
But when I see those buds on high,
I take the bullock by the horns;
And kiss her (not beneath the rose),
But openly beneath the nose!

In fact, I almost treat her rough;
So at this season of the year,
If there's a bit of "that there stuff"
Suspended from YOUR *chandelier,*
Ask me to call; beyond all doubts
I shall be there or thereabouts!

AN adventurous gentleman last week entered the cage of a lion and serenaded the beast on a cornet. Neither is expected to recover.

. . . . . .

BOBBY has informed our cook that he wishes her to make a whole plum pudding for himself. He has warned her that it is no use mincing matters.

. . . . . .

MOTORISTS are not infrequently reckless drivers. But the sight of a one-armed man driving with his sound limb round the waist of his best girl is truly terrifying.

. . . . . .

THE persistent reiteration of some salesmen that they are actually selling their goods at a loss gives one, anyway, food for thought. We are also at a loss—to understand their methods.

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FOOT FAULTS

A SCIENTIST declares that "the shapes of people's feet differ according to the county to which they belong."

Because of the shape of his feet, each pants
If he goes long walks in his native Hants.

As their feet are long, so walking stunts
Are oft performed by the men of Hunts.

On the contrary, short, only fit for stilts,
Are the tootsies owned by the men of Wilts.

Flatfootedness (which pertains to storks)
Is a certain sign of the men of Yorks;

And the keen observer always banks
On the narrow toes of the men of Lancs;

While as broad as the nose of a Maori minx
Are the "crushers" that go with the men of Lincs.

If you want to bet, you can pick up pots
By spotting the heels of the men of Notts;

And because of their soles, men crawl like ants,
If they stay for a holiday in Northants;

And you'll notice the insteps are all convex,
If you study the people in Middx;

While the men who inhabit Rut, Norf and Suff,
Cumb, Dev and Corn—(THANKS, THAT'S ENOUGH!—ED.)

HARTLEY CARRICK

BY STAN TERRY

ALL SOLDIERS ARE NOT MUSICAL

MISTRESS: "I'm going to sing at the Hospital Fund Concert to-morrow night, Janet. Here are two tickets if you'd care to go"

MAID: "I can't go to-morrow, mum, it's my night off"

Every Dog Has His Day

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

How the latest canine film star appears on the screen—and off it

THE PELICAN AT THE AMBASSADORS

Produced Oct. 20, 1924

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

NICHOLAI HANNEN AS LAUZUN

JOSEPHINE VICTOR AS WANDA

AN exploded fable would have us believe that the female pelican is the supreme example of maternal solicitude, since, when the family larder is empty, she will often feed her young on her own blood. Mrs. Wanda Heriot, the "Pelican" of this play, naturally does not proceed to anything like this length in her devotion to her only son, though she certainly does give up a good deal for his sake. Whether such an example of maternal sacrifice as hers is so rare as to justify a song being made about it, I hesitate to say. Most right-minded people who accept the responsibility of parenthood usually find that they have got to go without an awful lot of fun they would have liked to have had for themselves. This play achieves much of its distinction by reason of the unusual power of the acting of Miss Josephine Victor. I do not go much to the theatres, and I cannot remember to have seen Miss Victor before; but she is clearly a lady destined for a brilliant future.

THE story is said to have been based on a recent case of litigation in the Law Courts, but I do not think we need bother about this branch of the origin of species, as it were. When the play opens, we have the family of General Sir John Heriot, Bart., discussing the birth of Wanda Heriot's child. Wanda is the wife of Marcus Heriot, and there is a brief excursion into comparative chronology to prove by the calendar that Marcus cannot possibly be the father of his wife's new-born son. Wanda, on the other hand, is defiantly certain about it; but as the result of legal proceedings, she loses her case and her reputation, and the history of Hagar and Ishmael practically repeats itself.

IT is required to show, therefore, that Wanda will proceed to make all sorts of cruel sacrifices to ensure her son's happiness, and that when she has reached the limit she will be mercilessly compelled to make yet one more. It is, of course, the old story of "Give and you must give again." While the animated discussion of the family of Marcus as to the paternity of the child is taking place, Wanda turns up prepared to make the first of the long series of sacrifices required of her. She has come to say that, while protesting her innocence of the charge made against her, she is prepared to give her son up to the Heriot family even though it should break her heart to part with him. She feels it to be her duty to give the boy his chance of being well brought up and educated, since with her now restricted means she can do very little for him. The family promptly decide that as in their opinion the brat is not a Heriot, they have no use for it. The acting in this scene is quite a revelation of strength.

FRED KERR AS GEN. SIR JOHN HERIOT

SEVENTEEN years pass away. Wanda, who comes of old French stock, has settled down at Bougival, near Paris. Having no means of her own, and being too proud to accept money from the husband who has insulted and divorced her, Wanda has become a shorthand-typist or something of that sort to a financier in Paris. She earns three pounds a week, and has yet contrived on that meagre revenue to make quite a passable young cub of her son Robin. The family solicitor, Mr. Cheriton, has always had his philosophic doubts as to the paternity of the boy. Lawyers always want so much evidence before they will commit themselves to an opinion, and in this case, of course, direct evidence is out of the question, it being an axiom among us that it's a wise child that knows its own father. More than that cannot be discreetly said in a home journal like ours.

ROSINA FILIPPI AS ANNA

MR. CHERITON invites Robin periodically to England, where he mixes a good deal with boys who are going up to Sandhurst to pass into the Army. Thus Robin, also, gets a longing to be an English officer. Now it is to be remarked that the Heriots have always been soldiers, and Robin's irrepressible yearning to belong to the profession of arms almost points to the fact that he is a Heriot after all. We note this detail as a point in Wanda's favour. Wanda obviously cannot hope to establish her son as an officer on her poor three pounds a week. It simply isn't done. But her former husband, Marcus, has now become General Sir Marcus Heriot, with tremendous influence at the War Office. At Mr. Cheriton's suggestion she allows him to make an appeal to Sir Marcus, but he is merely to say that he is speaking for a young man in whom he is interested and must on no account allow Sir Marcus to suspect the young man's identity.

ONCE Robin is established, Wanda feels that she has done all that can be expected of her in the way of maternal solicitude and self-denial. The fact is that her employer, Paul Lauzun, is very much

CHARLES CHERRY AS CHARLES CHERITON

in love with her, and she adores him. Here, then, is the way of happiness at last. As Madame Lauzun, Wanda can hold up her head again, and live in agreeable affluence with the man she has learned to love so well. Lauzun even discusses with her the plans for a house he is building for her, and everything seems *couleur de rose*—which is, of course, the French for "all lavender." Then the scene changes to the home of the Heriots, and we get a new and intensely dramatic idea which compels admiration both for its ingenuity and its sensational development.

DURING the seventeen years that have passed since the untidy scene attending the discussion of Robin's paternity, old Sir John Heriot has been steadily absorbing senile decay into his system. Now, not only is he partially paralysed, but his mind has got blank spaces in it. He can remember things and faces of many years ago, but his memory for recent events is practically wanting. While Robin is discussing with Sir Marcus his chances of getting into the Army, the old man is wheeled into the room. He sees in Robin the boy that Marcus was, all those years ago, and he struggles to his feet and cries joyfully that his boy has come home again. The family likeness is no less strong than that. And the old man vows that he must take a glass of wine with the gallant lad once more. But the glass falls from what novelists call his nerveless grasp, and he is at once packed up in his chair again, and taken back to bed. This is quite a brilliant display of acting by Mr. Fred Kerr.

WANDA, of course, knows nothing of this incident. Satisfied that her boy is in good hands in England, she abandons herself to her prospect of happiness with Paul Lauzun. Then Sir Marcus drops upon her in Paris like a thunderbolt. He grieves that he should have been in the wrong all these years as to their boy's paternity; but, of course, there is only one thing to be done now. It is so obvious. He and Wanda must marry again so that Robin will not have to present himself for examination with the taint of bastardy upon him. In a very powerful scene Pelican Wanda cries aloud that she must not be asked to give up the one chance of happiness she has ever had; and Robin, to his credit, does not plead overmuch.

PAUL (NICHOLAS HANNEN) PROPOSES TO WANDA (JOSEPHINE VICTOR) AND BRINGS MUCH JOY TO THE HEART OF ANNA (ROSINA FILIPPI)

But he shows clearly the bitterness of his disappointment, and Wanda realises that she must go on sacrificing herself to the end. We leave her tearfully at the telephone hesitating to break the news to Lauzun, and the curtain falls on a most satisfying play.

JINGLE

HERBERT MARSHALL AS MARCUS HERIOT

JOSEPHINE VICTOR AS WANDA

MABEL TERRY LEWIS AS LADY HERIOT

FRED KERR AS SIR JOHN

PARISIANA

By René *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"He boxed her ears"

MES AMIS—

"BEDS, beds, nothing but beds, unless it be *canapés*." This lamentation, I hasten to remark, is no outpouring of my own, but the wail of a friend who has been trying to form a judgment of the Paris stage. Life may not be a bed of roses, but it is almost exclusively a bed of some sort, seen from the outlook of the Paris playwrights. If there is anything else in life, it is of insignificant importance to these observers.

REALLY, it is being rather overdone. It had a certain amount of piquant interest at the commencement, but even the prettiest actresses become rather tedious when they are perpetually restricted to bedroom prattle. The possibilities of the bedroom scene have long been exhausted, and authors can never be so audacious as the dealers who advertise pictorially in the magazines. Why, then, when they have reached their limit in boldness, should they persist in inflicting upon us the futile bed, now too hackneyed a "property" to give a thrill to the most impressionable *ingenu*.

IT is not as if there were any chance of selling beds as the result of advertisement of captivating new styles. Revue producers, who always include a parade of new fashions in frocks, have the excuse that it is not difficult to influence *spectatrices* in the direction of making purchases at the houses which they "boost." But there is no such commercial possibility about the display of the most lavishly gilded bed. Parisians, as a fact, are tending to discard beds and replace them by daintier-looking contrivances which only serve as beds when they have terminated their day's work in far different capacities.

IT must be that these backward playwrights spend most of their time in bed, reading and studying "life." No wonder their ideas of life are so restricted. Nothing ever happens to them apart from bed, and so they conclude that nothing happens to anyone else. Even when they go to see the play of a rival they see that he has not got up either, and so they continue to lean on one another's bedposts, to their comfort and our tedium. It is time the bed was banished from the stage, not merely as a matter of propriety, but as a relief from boredom.

"When they have terminated their day's work"

IT is no use these "bedfast" playwrights, whose creative vision is limited by the four posts of their *lit Louis Seize*, endeavouring to tell us that nothing happens. If they would only get out in the streets they could, in a single week, make a collection of *choses vues* sufficient to provide them with material for half a dozen plays—the estimate being based on the slight amount of substance they require.

Par exemple, an incident witnessed by some scores of us on the Boulevard Montmartre the other day. One of the terrible *apache* class was thumping a girl, for reasons which were obvious to all, and the first person to get within striking distance was a working-man, who had been walking arm-in-arm with his wife. The workman battered the *apache* to such effect that the latter took to his heels without even questioning the rights of the interventionist. Everybody congratulated the workman, except his wife, who muttered, "*Un honnête homme* does not fight under such conditions; you certainly must know that girl."

AT first the rugged fellow shrugged his shoulders, but the wife became more extravagant, fanning the flames of her own absurd jealousy; so, finally, the workman boxed her ears, again earning the congratulations of the crowd. If our bedridden authors were

(*Continued on page 818*)

Vignettes from the Folies Bergère

A GOOD NOTE FROM "LES CABARETS DE PARIS"

STOWITTS AND LUCYENNE HERVAL IN "LA LEGENDE DU NIL"

IN THE NEXT LOGE

A CHARMING LITTLE VICTIM IN "LE BALL DES VICTIMES"

A SCENE IN THE FOYER — BUT NOT A VIOLENT ONE!

BY BERT WILSON

A few pencil sketches from the Folies Bergère, that cheerful magnet that attracts every visitor to the gay City

"Camomile tea for her when she's poorly"

not so somnolent they might learn a lot of useful lessons in dramatic effects from studying life on the boulevards. Very likely, however, they would say that the public favours bedroom plays and be content with this old excuse, but the public is practically bound to go to see these plays if it wants to go to the theatre at all.

MLLE. CECILE SOREL, who has wandered off to Constantinople, had one of the greatest triumphs of her life, just before leaving, in the most unpromising quarter of Levallois-Perret, which is about equivalent to Mile End. She was playing *La Dame aux Camélias*, and no word but wild is sufficient to describe the enthusiasm of the audience—labourers in caps and working-women in their Sunday best. They wanted her to give it all over again, and probably the responsive Mlle. Sorel would have been prepared to repeat the last act if it had not been so late.

As this could not be done, they begged her merely to stay in the hall for some time longer so that they might recall the scenes with the help of her presence. It was discovered afterwards that some of the roughest looking among the females were duchesses, marquises, and other Society notabilities who had an irresistible desire to see the farewell performance and had borrowed the working garments of their *femmes de chambre*, so that they should not be remarked. When a duchess turns herself into a drab and ventures to the outer suburbs, the compliment is no mean one.

IT is a pity that some *étoiles* of the stage are unable to show as much generosity as their admirers. A very well-known English comedian who has been performing in Paris created a very bad impression at a private gathering at which he had promised to appear. He turned up at the house all right, which is rather surprising in view of subsequent exigencies, but he immediately insisted that one of his friends should be given a show or he would not go on. There was nothing in the "number" of the friend to make an appeal to the organisers of the entertainment, but they readily agreed.

"Borrowed the working garments of their femmes de chambre"

THIS over, and the resulting flatness relieved by a little fizz from a clever amateur, the comedian was asked to fulfil his promise. But he had discovered an insurmountable obstacle in the absence of a regulation stage, and neither solicitation nor sarcasm could shake his obstinacy. He went off without the majority of the diners knowing he had even been on the premises. Theatrical folk, even top-liners, ought to know that this *prima-donna* stuff is *démodé*. If they do not wish to give their services at private performances, that is a sound reason for stopping away, but it is *enfantin* to consent and then look around for a way out—especially in a foreign country.

HOW are you to know that a man really loves you? The women who are unable to answer this query for themselves have been seeking advice. One would have imagined that Parisiennes would scarcely have needed counsel in this matter, but as they are asking for it, it is a safe presumption that they want it. Well, here is the prize-winning answer: "A man really loves a woman when he consents to accompany her to a department stores, when he does not interrupt her tales of troubles with servants, when he makes camomile tea for her if she is poorly, when he stops smoking to please her, when he allows her to choose his neckties."

TO my mind the last is convincing beyond compare. I have a friend who lets his wife choose his batswing bows, and the number of times he has escaped death for wearing those ties is above enumeration. He has been openly threatened, but he still does it. There is no doubt he really loves.

RENÉ

"The Merry, Merry Pipes of Pan-Demonium"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The Multi Bag-pipe for accompanying choral performances at Society functions

(An exhibition of Mr. W. Heath Robinson's drawings is now being held at 148, New Bond Street, W.1)

THE WORLD AMUSED AN

A sketch at apéritif time on the G

BY BLAM

D AMUSING AT BIARRITZ

ande Plage, Biarritz, facing the Bay

BY WILL OWEN

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR

THEATRE *v.* CABARET

BY THE BYSTANDER ABOUT TOWN

A DISCUSSION of a distinctly acrimonious nature has been raging lately between the theatre proprietor and the cabaret producer. They have not got together across a table and had it out, man to man, as it were. Nothing like that. Some "man behind the throne" of a theatre or two has given an imaginative pressman an interview or two; and the cabaret principal debenture-holder has read all about himself in the paper next day; and has done likewise—only more so—and the usual spot of bother has followed.

THE BYSTANDER, having the interest of the theatre and the cabaret very much at heart, has kept out of range of the noise up to now. But, knowing that its public will never get a clear conception of the nasty business until it lifts up its still, small, but very wise voice, would like to say its little piece forthwith. We hold no brief for either side, only for the world that amuses itself, whose interests are ours.

Briefly, what the theatre manager says, shorn of expletives, is that the cabaret has trespassed upon his ground by giving "a theatrical performance" without a licence, and with no charge for admittance, and with little of the responsibilities and liabilities and dread gambles that the theatrical producing flesh is heir to. That his receipts have been lowered accordingly to a dreadful extent for months past; and that it isn't fair. He produces other protests, but in the main they all boil down to these.

The cabaret controllers *riposte* with the terse remark that, considering the way they were persecuted and restricted and curtailed by the theatre interests when they first brought the cabaret to London, the less theatrical gentlemen grumble the better. "Why, dash it all" (only the word is not "dash"), they add, "we are not allowed even to use any scenery."

The whole controversy is really rather childish, and I feel sure most sensible people who appreciate both the theatre and the cabaret in their proper places must feel thus about it.

Whatever epithets are hurled about the West End, the cabaret has come to London to stay. Of that there is no doubt. And surely any form of late entertainment that is going to entice people westward o' nights can only be to the advantage of theatreland. Very few people deliberately stay away from a theatre because they are going to watch a cabaret after the theatres are closed. The contrary is usually the case. The cabaret show proper does not begin until after 11 p.m. There is an added zest given to a theatre-goer now-a-nights in the thought that he is spared that glum anti-climax of the drive home in the taxi immediately after an inspiring or amusing show. Moreover, who is going to give up 2½ hours keen delight in a theatre for the bare half hour of a cabaret performance? The two shows are in the main utterly dissimilar. You may possibly have a "turn" at one that has come on from a theatre. But surely that is to the disadvantage of the cabaret rather than the theatre?

The cabaret cult came from Paris, where the theatre-going public is even more fickle than our own. Have the Parisian theatres suffered by the Paris Night Lights? On the contrary, they have profited materially. The Casino de Paris has actually a dance place (Le Perroquet) attached to the theatre premises, to the great benefit of both parties.

No theatre lover, whatever his particular taste, is going to be content with cabaret in lieu of theatre, because there is not enough of the former to fill his evening. There are, naturally, certain late diners who sit on and on and then drift into a cabaret show, or wait for it to come to them on the spot. But if it did not come they would in all probability drift home—and they did not propose to go to the theatre to-night in any case. . . .

If a play is *good*, a play, that is to say, like *The Beggar's Opera*, *The Mask and the Face*, *The Duenna*, and so on; or if a play, though not necessarily good in the critical sense of the term, yet tickles the popular fancy and pleases or thrills, nothing short of a dense fog or a transport strike will keep the public away from it. And that in my humble judgment is the long and the short of the matter.

This may sound like a brief held for the cabaret. But the cabaret will suffer heavily and rapidly if it remains content to live upon a reputation gained when the cabaret boom began in London, and all London flocked to the novelty; if it puts on mediocre performances *of the same kind*; if it goes on trying to deafen us with the badly-sung unintelligible chorus, with only the bare powdered leg as a poor palliative. Then the champagne-drinking public will tire of it and yawn, and come no more. Yawns are beginning to be stifled already, here and there.

Maybe the theatrical producer is delighted to hear this.

The question is, will the cabaret controller take heed—not of me, heaven forbid, but of the yawns?

"WHEN GREEKS JOINED GREEKS—"

Although a bitter war may be raging theoretically between Theatre and Cabaret, in practice the relations are friendly enough. In proof, behold Jack Buchanan and members of the "Toni" company "fraternising" with members of the New Princes' Cabaret in the enemy's stronghold

NO CHANGE OUT OF ANGUS By Stan Terry

Young Laird (*calling on cottagers*): "I'm sorry I've missed Angus, but I don't suppose he's changed much since I saw him last."
Mrs. Angus McDougal (*cautiously*): "Weel—he may ha' changed a thruppenny bit!"

THE PERFECT KISS

"Film stars specialise in the halcyon kiss."—
Trade Paper.

There are methods and modes of embracing
As widely apart as the poles;
There's the "peck" that one gives when one's facing
Those dear, old grandmotherly souls;
There's the "dab" that the *débutante* bud'll
Imprint, which is hardly my taste;
While, of course, the connubial cuddle
Is heavily chaste!

There's the "butterfly," dear to the slacker,
O'er which I can not effervesce;
There's the one that's a "regular smacker,"
That's known as the coster's caress;
There's the kiss one bestows on a sister
(A duty we hurriedly scamp),
And then there's the bliss of the "blister,"
Beloved of the Vamp!

Yet empty and vapid such bliss is,
Meretricious and soppy, I ween;
And can't be compared to the kisses
As given by stars of the screen.
My eyes with emotion go swimmy,
When gazing at Mary and Doug.;
You can have all the rest if you "gimme"
The "Halcyon" Hug!

Hartley Carrick

ROBERT THE RHYMESTER

(*A certain Deputy Commissioner of Police, who rose from the rank of P.C., is said to be a playwright and poet.*)

When the Deputy-Commissioner's not commishing
Or otherwise preserving of the peace,
He loves to write a little "Ode to Fishing,"
Or "Verses on the Fall of Ancient Greece."
When he's not a-hunting some potential Crippen
Or investigating dens of deadly dope,
His quill into the ink-pot he'll be dippin'
To write "A Little Song of Love and Hope."

If a criminal is caught and brought before him,
He has a punishment that fits all crimes;
He'll ask the magistrate to let him bore him
To certain death by listening to his rhymes.
Poor housebreakers will undergo the torture
Of hearing all his triolets—or worse;
He'll say: "You bold, bad burglar-man, we've *caught yer.*
It's seven years' 'ard labour—with blank verse!"

He'll issue orders in the style of Swinburne,
Each one a priceless classic gem, no doubt,
And poor policemen will their brains (and skin) burn
To find out what on earth they're all about.
He'll control the stream of cars down Piccadilly
With a sonnet on a sunset, or a song,
And his poems on "Autumn Drear" or "Winter Chilly,"
Will make the motor-buses dash along.

A young P.C. must realise his duty
Is not to guide old ladies 'cross the Strand,
But, rather, he must study Keats on Beauty,
And jot down rhymes (with notebook in his hand),
And if he knows his Milton and his Shelley
And throws his useless truncheon right away,
He'll mount success's ladder-top, and . . . well, he
Will be a great Commissioner . . . some day!

A. A. Thomson

GIVING TONGUE

The poets sing of smiling May
(Who sometimes lets them down)
Gathering blossoms sweet and gay
To fashion her a crown;
Or rhapsodise on "flaming June"
(Who does not often flame)
And praise July in lilting tune.
I do not feel the same.
Give me a grey November morn
With not too strong a wind,
Give me the music of the horn
And hounds all out to find,
Then, though the skies be lowering
And quite devoid of sun,
I too exultantly will sing—
"Fox hunting has begun!"

Leslie M. Oyler

A Dancer with a Personality

By E. O. Hoppé

MISS ELSA LANCHESTER

Whose dancing and mime has won for her a well-deserved reputation in artistic and Bohemian circles. She appeared with great success in "The Way of the World," and is at present taking a small but very noticeable part in "The Duenna," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

St. Andrew's Day at Eton, and

G. P. U.

"GOING TO THE WALL"

Collegers "awfully arrayed" going to do battle with Oppidans in the Wall Game which is held annually on St. Andrew's Day. After a terrific struggle outside "Calx," the game ended in a pointless draw

Sport and General

ON THE SCHOOL FIELD OF BATTLE

Lady Birkenhead, her son and daughter, Lord Furneaux and Lady Pamela Smith, with Lord Wodehouse at the match between Oxford Old Etonians and Cambridge Old Etonians on St. Andrew's Day. The game ended in a draw, neither side scoring

G. P. U.

"CALL THE ROLL"

The Rev. C. A. Alington, D.D., the Headmaster of Eton, taking the call-over on St. Andrew's Day. With him is Mr. E. R. Hedly, the senior boy present

Sport and General

AT THE NEW "NINETEENTH"

Members of the Wildernesse Country Club at Sevenoaks and their opponents, The Bar Golfing Society, before the match played on the occasion of the opening of the Manor House as the new Club House. The visitors were beaten by 7 games to 1

Ordinary Days in the Hunting Field

L. N. A.

FERNIE FOLLOWERS

Lady Wernher and Mrs. de Trafford at a meet of the Fernie at Keythorpe Hall. Scent was poor and there was no kill

British Illus.

SCENERY AND THE NORTH COTSWOLD

Mr. William Scott, a former Master, and Miss Bunty Scott in a picturesque country lane before a meet of the North Cotswold at Ebrington.

Alfieri

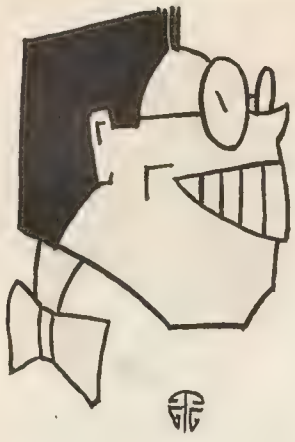
WITH THE LEDBURY

Mrs. W. Jardine Gresson (wife of the Croome Master) and Mrs. Neilson (mounted) at the Ledbury meet at Corse Lawn

Alfieri

TWO MORE LEDBURY PERSONALITIES

Major Hugh Bamfylde and Mrs. Bamfylde at the Corse Lawn meet, where a large field turned out with the Ledbury



YOGO HAMA ON THE MODERN FEMN

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

ARE it not very disturbing reflections to consider how very numerously modern femns are seeking to claim themselves very equal to men and even more so? Every day almost in the newsprints we see writings from these so non-feminine femns striving with their pens to assiduously prove by words that they are not weaker vessels, but very to the contrary, and more strong and non-tenderer than men. Are it not time, Hon. Sir, I demand to enquire, for us mascs to gird up our lions and shoot a blow to nip these so wicked endeavours to make us weaker vessels and not any longer top-dogs with whip-hands and other legitimate masc perks, in the bud? Indeedly yes, otherwisely we shall be crush to earth like worms under the so adequate and non-merciful feet of these femns, who seek to fling the apron strings and other femn shackles from their necks, and become very wicked and non-dependant. Thereforely let us blow the clarion to battle, also place our feet on the necks of Hon. wifes, if any, to show we shall not bow any longer the yoke to their inferior sect.

Man, I declam, are and was very superior. In about B.C. he could make to tremble with his slightest frown, the so truly feminine femns of that day; otherwisely he produced them a club or other suitable authority which filled them with respect at a single blow and made them to be very sweetish and loving when they awakened to their senses. In these so goodish old days, which a few if not any persons can now live to remember, femns did not seek to achieve golf, hocking and other muscular trophies, but very reversely employed themselves to produce their husbands good-eating dinners and other masc delicacies which woman was specially invented to perform, also to insert stitches to the requisite spots in his garments. If not so, I require to ask, kindly to inform why femns were invent at all?

"Man are and was very superior"

"Kindly to permit, Mr. Y. Hama, I should put in a word sideways when you pause to acquire new breaths before plunging yourself off another deep end. Should it not be greatly better if you insigned a pledge or other non-alcoholic certificate, so you would not suffer these so deploreish after-pains?" you beseek?

This are very non-true allegations, Hon. Sir, and I shall produce you a libel action to acquire 1,000's of £'s for lucratively compensating my good character, I repart.

"Permit I should hasteishly decant these so non-worthy defamations, Mr. Y. Hama, I impray, also to kindly accept my extreme apologetics for any pains or other distempers my so wicked allegings shall have produced you," you deplore?

Ha, ha, I ejacule, this has made you eat very diminutive potatoes and other humble pies. Should it not make you very non-comfortable to read in the newsprints "Mr. Y. Hama achieves to win 10,000£ for good damages at Old Baily"?

"That are indeedly so, Mr. Y. Hama, but kindly to not seek my ruinations. Also permit I should humbly point you out that 1,000's of femns read Hon. Bystander. Shall it not make them very full of fear and wrath to read your so bitterish words?" you repop.

No doubtlessly these saidly femns shall tremble to read these commentings which I so non-fearfully depict. Not any the lessly, I shall maintain to be truthful like Hon. Sir G. Washington whom wild horses could not make to speak a

(Continued on page 830)

"In 1840 man was very sublime"

A Story About Thin Ice—

BY RENE BULL

—WHICH IS A BIT TOO "THICK" TO BEAR

lie. If man, I declam thumpingly, are not very superior, why can he promulgate hairs all over his face, which not any woman can achieve to do? While man nourished whiskers, he was a very top-dog, but when he shaved completely his face of hairs, he sunk to be a 2-nd fiddle like as now. In 1840, man was very sublime and grew numerous whiskers depending from his face. This made him to be awful with dignity, so that femns trembled to his leastest wish and sought to eagerly please him with hand and feet.

What, I demand you, do we observe to see in this year of 1924? Men with not any hairs growing on their faces in front, and femns with not any hairs on their faces at the back because of shingles and bobs. Thusly also we see femns indulging masc pleasures which 1 day produce them Hon. Geo. Robey noses. They seek to even acquire our nonmentionable garments without blushings. This, I bemoan, are a fine state of matters when man cannot even succeed to keep his supremacy garments, but must evacuate them to the weaker vessels to occupy. Soonly at this rate of speed we shall have not any garments left, but only leaves, bushes and other vegetarian suitings.

"Femns indulging masc pleasures"

But, happishly for us, these so up-to-dateish femns have a weak spot. They adore big, strong men. I have very modestly observed to notice this personally myself. Innumerous times when preambling in the park, fair eyes have made languish sighs to me because of my so good masc figure, also debonair features which I cannot help because they were born with me at birth. But I scorn their advancements and stalk on very non-concernedly, which make them to feel more dead than ever in love with me, also to secretly weep, no doubtfully, many gals of bitterish and anguish tears.

Perhapsly these non-effeminate femns will permit I should give them a good warning to viz: that we men are growing to become very rareish birds and extinct like the dodo and other ancient monsters. This shall make us to be good prizes very sought after by the so luckish femns who win to secure us for husbands or other domestic uses. We shall not then bow any longer the yoke to the femn heel.

"Come, Mr. Y. Hama, you make to appear yourself like a very B.C. person who lived in the year dot. When I consider the 1,000's of infuriate femns who will gnash and tear their hair (if any) at these so bruteish commentings, I hastefully non-associate myself with the sentiments you have depict," you deplore?

"I are non-married"

This are very non-heroish remark, Hon. Sir, but I shall achieve upon you a stupendous revenging. *I are non-married.*

"I completely non-understand this revenging, Mr. Y. Hama, or how it shall produce me non-convenience," you repop?

Ha, ha, I repeat—*I are non-married.* Now you shall not long wait to see what happens. In very few hours of publishment of Hon. Bystander, 1,000's of fairs will throng to your office abode with hope to acquire me for a husband! O yes, I ensnigger, you have very hottish time in perspective.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that you shall survive to suffer adequate good healths, I remain,

Yogo Hama

"They adore big, strong men"

"Now I shall know," said Tommy, as he stuffed two newspapers in his knickers, "if the proof of the padding is in the beating."

. . . .

A CERTAIN pack of hounds last week was stated to have run twenty-four miles without a check. It sounds like a pack of nonsense.

From "Coral Strand" to Covent Garden

Dorothy Wilding

MISS JULIETTE COMPTON

In the beautiful Indian Dancing Girl costume which she will wear at the Three Arts Ball at Covent Garden to-morrow (Thursday). Miss Compton is one of the stars who have made Charlot's Revue at the Prince of Wales' Theatre such a "shining" success

"At the Birthday Ball"

Those Bright Young People

By Blanchette

Illustrated by Helen McKie

All about the Bright People, it is, tho' not all of *them* young—the sort they used to call Smart Set, I'm told, when Edouardus was Rex—and all the bright things they do when at home, or calling on friends, for that matter.

MOTHER takes lovers, son takes dope. And everybody calls everybody and everything else "divine," or "perfect," or perchance "filthy" and "foul," and is terribly thrilled, and so on. (Which, of course, gets all of us who are Bright People right in the neck first go off, and the Hampstead lanes are packed with 100 h.p. Rolls-Fords and Damhers nightly.) But 'neath it all there's real drammer 'swell as fearfully bright things said. And Lilian Braithwaite doing the acting of her life in the part of her life, not to mention youthful author himself as the snow-sniffing lad with a nice touch on the piano. Fair thrilled to the core, we were, I give you my word, when he swept all the things off the dressing-table in that last act (tense is the word, methinks)—specially as he cut his hand doing it in the 'citement of the first night.

AND then there's Mr. Michael Arlen, who's also *on dit* very young, and not unknown to fame, and you, by reason of *The Green Hat* and *Those Charming People*, wherein he tells us all about the naughty things the nice people do who live at Grosvenor Square and the Embassy and country houses and places, and where they buy their frocks and white waistcoats, etcet. And's just had *his* play produced, tho' only of a Sunday by the Play Actors, at one of those nice friendly shows, you know, where all London's brightest and best foregather, 'cluding smart actors, and -tresses (with a rush of pearls to the neck, as dear Mr. Henson puts it in *Primrose*) taking a real actor's holiday, and everyone applauds hopefully and goes on to sup heavily afterwards, and dance it out at Ciro's or somewhere.

Dear Father it's called, the play I mean, and most amusing in parts, and cert'nly much amused the author, who was in a box with Gladys Cooper (hair done in yet another new way), and above-mentioned rival, Mr. Coward. All about a girl, this one is, who's married but runs away with a young man who turns out to be son of her father's butler, aforesaid father being fearfully put out about it 'cos he owes his daughter's rightful husband £10,000. Nice persons these Bright Young People do seem to meet around, what? But 's no denying it, they are bright, and only wish I could tell you some of the bright things in this play, only being mostly also a bit boldish shall have to send 'em along to you "under separate cover" as they say.

LONDON, *December* 8

DEAR COUSIN—

THIS is, methinks, *sans doute* and also, on the whole, thank G., the Day of Youth. What I mean to say is, of course, there's lots of nice well-grown persons going around doing most of the useful work for us in the way of governing and making laws and all that sort of (rather dull) thing—tho', by the way, we've also just acquired the youngest M.P. yet, aged just twenty-one. . . . But when it comes to the really 'portant affairs, what—as they used to say on platforms and places in the late-lamented elecsh—what do we find?

WELL, every time, seems to be, seems to me, the Bright Young People that remove, dislodge and snaffle the cocoanut—roll, bowl *or* pitch. Writing all the best books, 'pears they are, and the most 'markable plays, not to mention doing perfectly wonderful things in the way of acting at the age of one or so—latest mode being to spring suddenly on the world as stage stars, 'thout any prelim. training worth mentioning. Specially if a girl, men being, 'parently, a bit slower in the uptake, so to speak, or. . . . Well, anyway, most important thing of all being to be Young.

LIKE Mr. Noel Coward, f'rinstance, who's not quite twenty-five yet, but has written two plays already and quite a lot of a third, *London Calling*, to wit, as well as bits of *Charlot's Revue* and others. But has fair *épaté* London this time (and the *bourgeois*, if he still exists) with his new play, *The Vortex*, that they're giving at the Everyman, and is doubtless going to roll right into the middle of town ere long.

"Mudie's"

NOTHER and very diff'rent kind of play I've just been seeing, by the way, at the St. Martin's, *No Man's Land* by name—which recalls all sorts of recollections, too, doesn't it, of Youth? The youth that was, alas! lost to us, most of it, in those dread years that, nowadays, people don't seem to be trying quite so hard to forget. After six years, even those who were hurt most can bear to talk about it once more. Tho' it isn't *they*, oddly enough, who've boycotted the subject most. After twelve years, p'raps, we may even feel strong enough to buckle to and do something for the ex-service men broken in our wars.

BUT that's, of course, by the way, and play in question's not, as it happens, 'bout that nightmare land 'tween the

trenches, but just Alsace-Lorraine, that eternal bone of contention 'twixt France and the Huns. And a most 'citing story, too, all about a young French officer-spy who has a pos'tively red-hot affair with a German Princess, but both of 'em have revolvers all ready to shoot each other if either of 'em should ever happen to shut their eyes for a single second—hope I've put it delicately enough, but cert'nly in the play itself they don't 'pear to mind a bit crossing all the i's and dotting the t's, so to speak.

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But then it's a French play, of course, which doubtless covers quite a multitude of Victorian sins. And the lady's shot in the end by French officer's mother, which satisfies the Victorian idea of retribution—though she doesn't do it in the least 'cos of being shocked or anything like that, but just so's to save her son from danger of being betrayed. And being that d'lightful tall young man, Malcolm Keen, you can't help feeling that it was only right *anyone* should be wiped out who threatened to cut short his young and promising career.

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Apropos of actors, by the way, they're so sweet, of course, and I wonder some one doesn't tell some of 'em sometimes—though cert'nly Mr. Arnold-Bennett did drop a word thereon the other day—'bout what a pity it is when they will say their lines in sort of telephone voices, or else in would-be country-house accents, which is wellnigh worse. One perfectly d'lightful actor in *Dear Father, par exemple*, who would talk about his "hahoose" meaning house), and there's another in *Falling Leaves* at the Little who keeps alluding to "Mah-ther," and another lady in *The Wandering Jew* who's so awfully refined you 'spect her any moment to remark "Sorry you have been troubled."

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However, faults of youth no doubt (said she diplomatically). And talking of youth, haven't forgotten I hope, have you, that it's the Three Arts Ball this next Thursday as ever is? Whereat all of us, of course, 'll be younger than ever, even in these super-infantile days, and revel more or less madly, the world forgetting, and by the world forgot, to the 'companiment of loud noise and laughter, and s'ductive strains like "Sahara"—

> Somewhere in Sahara,
> Far across the Eastern sea,
> Someone to me there is singing,
> Love songs of Araby. . . .

Which doesn't scan the very least little bit but makes a terribly nice foxtrot all the same. Not to mention "Why does a Chicken?" and "Oh, Eva," and "Why Did I Kiss That Girl?" and all the rest of the animating anthems whereto we dance to-day, and to-night.

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Not forgetting either, of course, the great Bystander Ball on the 31st inst., at the Alb. Hall, when we're all to have boxes of chocs., everyone of us,

"When they bring their white waistcoats"

out of the super-birthday-cake in the middle of the vast arena, just to celebrate the twenty-firster of that celebrated pub. (publication I mean, of course), not to mention cops. of aforesaid pub. with all sorts of pretty pics. therein, and a special foxtrot to take home with you and play in your bath. And, a Venice Carnival I hear of, too, likewise a hunting stunt (not to say stunting hunt) complete with pack of real dog-hounds (by kind permish. of the Pytchley and the Quorn).

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Eh bien (or, in an ancient and effete tongue, well, well), one can only be old once, as they say in *Charlot's Revue*, so why not be young frequently first? Further opportunities therefore being supplied, by the way, when the super-circus comes to Olympia next week, with millions of clowns and acrobats and trapeze people and wire walkers and elephants and seals and snakes and all the other 'citing things that are so *much* more thrilling than even the latest batch of books from Mudie's or—no, *nearly* as intriguing as almost the best new hat.

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Perfectly good and *most* intriguing exhibish on just now, by the way, at the Fine Art Galleries in Bond Street that I've just been having a look at, of the *opera* or works of Mr. Heath Robinson, the famous Bystander artist. All sorts of lovely pictures there are of all kinds of rare and refreshing sports, such as "Gassing the Apteryx" and "Trapping the Clothes Moth in the Wilds of Idaho" and "Blasting Limpets on the Barbary Coast," while in the more domestic line, his design of a machine for uncrossing hot cross buns left over from the Easter market is just a sheer and utter masterpiece.

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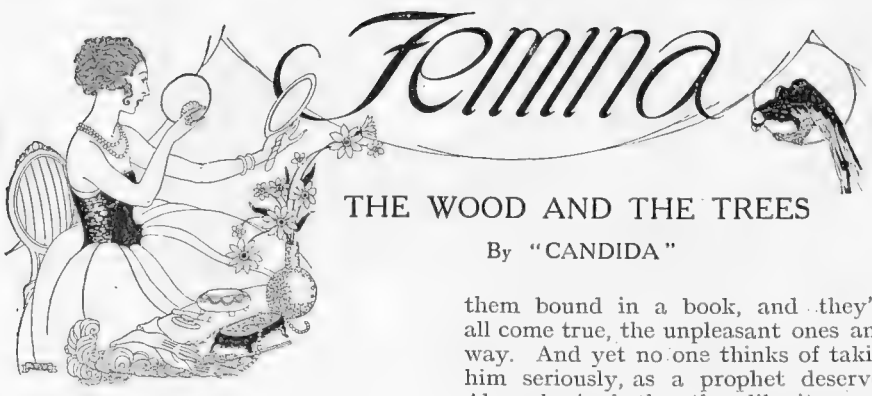
First Christmas trees have arrived, am told, and the parsons 've decided we shall promise to "serve" 'stead of "obey" in future when we get married, and you can buy stockings for £200 a pair—so spirit of youth and fun and humour's evidently quite rife and rampant just now, what?

With love,
Yours ever,
Blanchette

"Mothers take lovers, and sons take dope"



THE WOOD AND THE TREES

By "CANDIDA"

EVERYBODY'S so busy living nowadays that nobody notices anything about life. There's nearly always a *cause célèbre* going on, and to say that half the world doesn't know how the other half lives is quite out of date in what's left of 1924. But if we do know most things about each other's way of living, that doesn't mean that we've solved the riddle of existence. Even the newspapers don't do that—least of all the newspapers! They're busier than the rest of us digging in what superior people, with aloof souls to match, call the "rubbish-heap of existence."

I'VE every sympathy with them—with the papers, I mean. When I think of what it must be like to dig out things interesting enough to fill pages and pages every day, I wonder that the diggers don't all die of sheer exhaustion and brain fag. Fortunately, it doesn't take much taxing of one's grey matter to interest most people; which reminds me of a remark once made to me, who pride myself on a certain sense of humour. "It's all very well for you, my dear," said a disappointed and disappointing creature, whose attitude to life was one long grouch; "you're so easily amused," and I never discovered whether this was meant to be complimentary, or very much the reverse.

IN living you can't see the wood for the trees. Human nature always was, and always will be, short-sighted, so that some clever person may come along to remind the rest of us that there *is* a wood. And even then we're only too ready to forget it again, which is just as well or they'd have no excuse at all for existence, those philosophers and prophets and people whose advice no one takes even when they're quite nice and polite about it. Times have changed since we considered them highly dangerous—

Time was we slew the prophets; age on age
When they were strong to save the world has slain them.
But men are wiser now; they waste no rage,
The prophets—entertain them.

As a gifted lady once said, a lady who no doubt would gladly have died for her convictions, only no one asked her to: they asked her to dinner instead. Think of Mr. Wells and his prophecies; I've just read fifty-five of them bound in a book, and they've all come true, the unpleasant ones anyway. And yet no one thinks of taking him seriously, as a prophet deserves. Alas, alas! whether they like it or not, the prophets entertain us.

AS for the trees that hide the wood aforesaid: Women, I hear on all sides, are so exactly alike, from their choker pearls down to their sunburnt stockings, that you can't tell seventeen from five-and-thirty. There's no originality (and quite right too, nothing's more of a nuisance than she who's a law unto herself), there's no personality (there I beg to differ), nothing but a devastating monotony of young things, and less young things who look alike, talk alike, dance alike...

I'VE heard quite clever people air views like these, which only proves that they're not as clever as we give them credit for. I, for instance, can hardly see any difference between one Chinaman and another, which means that I'm totally lacking in powers of observation *à l'Orientale*, and not that all Chinamen are alike. From which you gather that the people who can't see an enormous difference between one nice girl and another don't see any further than their noses; not as far, in fact, or they'd notice that choker pearls and sunburnt stockings aren't everything there is to a woman's appearance, and are no index at all to her character.

WHAT'S happened is that they can't see the wood for the trees, and complain that all the trees are too much alike. Of course, they are, superficially. If it weren't for clothes, someone said long ago, one shudders to think how dull the world would be. And now one actually shudders because it's such a dull world, thanks mostly to the sameness of the clothes that are in it.

BUT I maintain that this is all to the good. Long ago, when all women were actually alike underneath, the dressmaker people invented what they called individuality in dress, just to make you believe that the quality aforesaid was something more than clothes-deep. A poetess looked like one, a painter dressed the part, and a mere stay-at-home-and-do-nothing-in-particular gave herself away before she'd opened her mouth. One knew exactly where one was without exerting one's brain-cells.

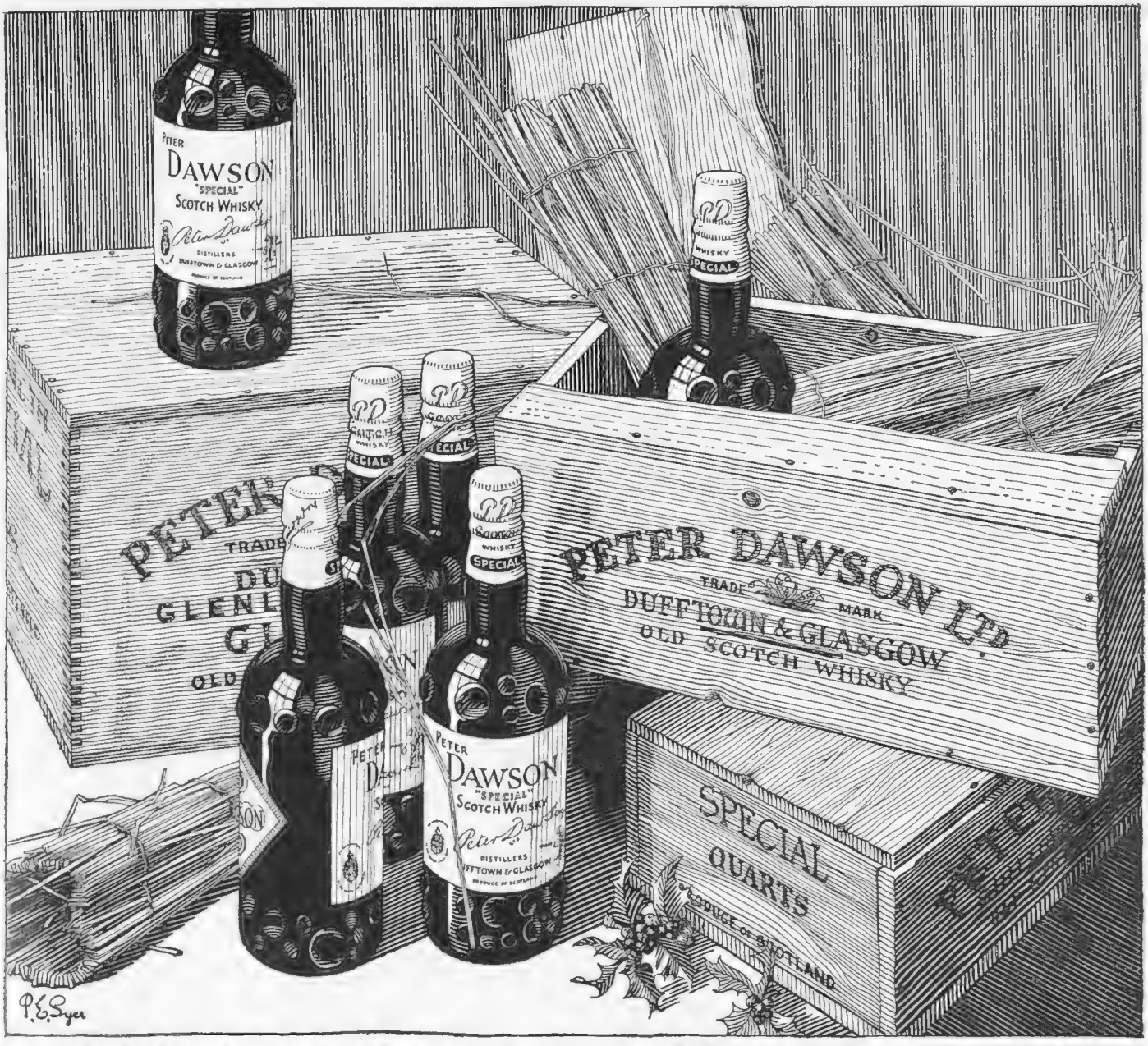
AND now there's no telling at all. Everybody looks alike, and the difference, if any, isn't obvious any more. But mostly it's there right enough. There's character, personality, brains, talent, all sorts of interesting things hiding themselves under the same frock, the identical hat, the inevitable shingle. Nowadays no two women are alike fundamentally, though, to judge from their appearance, they might have sprung from the same musical comedy chorus. Anybody who takes the trouble can find out all about that difference in two minutes, but the trouble isn't always taken. Just because the same old chemise frock (it calls itself a tube but it's a chemise all right), and the usual cloche (which isn't a cloche any more but a Pierrot hat, though the old clochiness clings to it still), there's no end to the complaining. The modern woman is judged not by what she says and does, but by what she wears. Not so long ago there was lots of talk about uniforms, and how feminine human nature was too petty ever to adopt such a wise and economical measure. And now that we're getting perilously near to realising that ideal, are people satisfied? Not a bit of it. They're left grumbling, as usual, which only proves, as I've said before, that they can't see the wood for the trees, because it hasn't dawned on them yet that there is a wood to see.

"THE LUCK OF THE NAVY"

Mrs. E. J. Riley, as Consuelo, and Mr. Robert Hamer, as Jackson Villiers, in an affectionate scene from "Havana," produced last week by the Accrington Amateur Operatic Society

Arts and Handicrafts

The Applied Arts and Handicrafts Exhibition, which, held at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall at Westminster, has been organised with the object of placing before the educated and art-loving public the beautiful productions from the studios, the highly skilled artist-craftsman, from the workshops of institutions and training centres devoted to arts and crafts. All the exhibits are for sale, and among them will be found many articles that will make unique Christmas gifts.



CHRISTMAS GIFT CASES

A whisky to make the rafters ring! That's the whisky you want this Christmas. For yourself: for your friends. A whisky whose excellence inspires the eloquence of its own praise.

FOR those who wish to give "P.D" this Christmas, but whose wealth of friends exceeds their material wealth, here is good news! "P.D" is obtainable in 3-bottle and 6-bottle cases as well as in the usual 12-bottle cases. These smaller cases are packed as carefully as the large cases, without extra charge, and will be available throughout the Christmas and New Year Season. Simply give your dealer delivery instructions and amount to cover cost. He will enclose your card or note and despatch direct in good time for Christmas.

Peter Dawson
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Should you have any difficulty in obtaining "P.D" in the Christmas gift cases, send us your cheque and instructions and we will forward both to nearest agent. *PETER DAWSON LTD., Distillers, 82 Great Clyde St., Glasgow, C.1; OR to 29-30 Tower Hill, London, E.C.3*

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

Our Horses

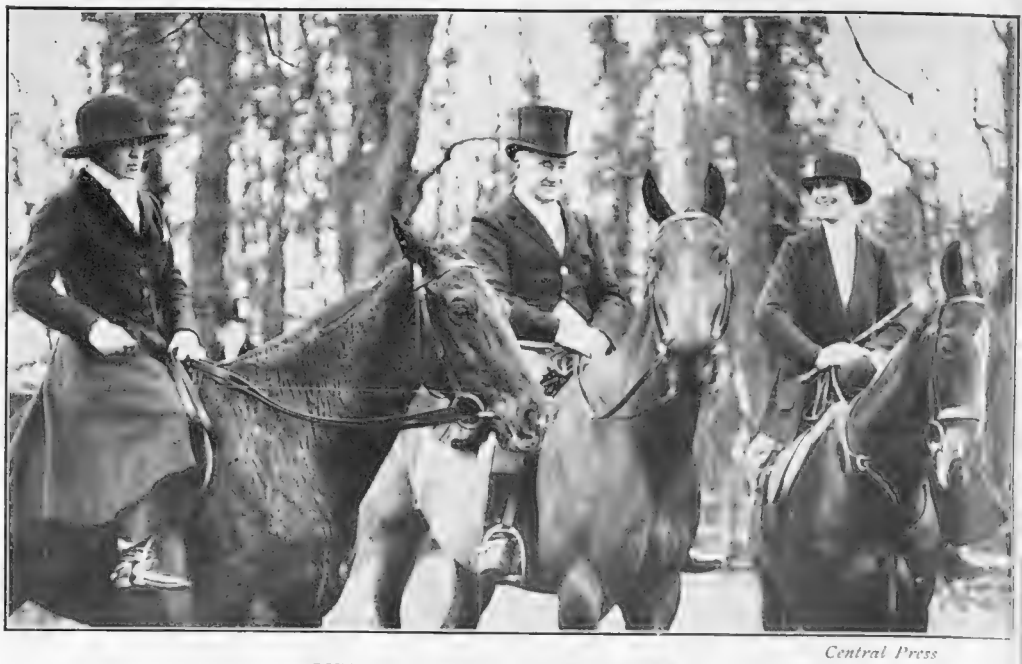
THE average sporting Englishman is not to be easily shaken in his opinion that the British thoroughbred horse is the finest in the world. You may persuade him that the country is going to pot in other directions, but he is up in arms the moment the supremacy of the racehorse is questioned. Well, the events of the past year or two have given us real cause to wonder whether our racers are really as supreme as we like to believe them to be. We have seen the most coveted of all our racing trophies, the Ascot Gold Cup, produce a keen finish between two French horses, to the discomfiture of the best of our own cracks. We have seen a French three-year-old beat all records in the Stewards' Cup, and nearly achieve the same distinction in the Cambridgeshire. In addition, some of our leading handicaps have fallen to horses bred and trained on the other side of the Channel. The past flat-racing season started with the triumph of Sir Gallahad at Lincoln and ended with the victory of Cloudbank at Manchester. All of which is not at all soothing to our *amour propre*.

What Is Wrong?

WHEN we get such a level-headed man as Lord D'Abernon stating in a considered speech that the British thoroughbred is in danger of losing his supremacy, we realise that all is not as it should be in our racing and breeding. My own idea is that big stud fees are partly responsible for much of the mischief. They tempt owners to withdraw their best horses from training at an all too early date, with the result that we suffer continually from a dearth of really high-class long-distance performers of mature age. Lord D'Abernon did not give this as one of the reasons for the supposed deterioration of our thoroughbred stock; but he suggested that we should change the date of the start of the breeding season from January 1 to April 1. However, that does not help us to discover why French horses are doing better just now than their English contemporaries, seeing that the conditions of breeding are the same in both countries.

Two-Year-Olds

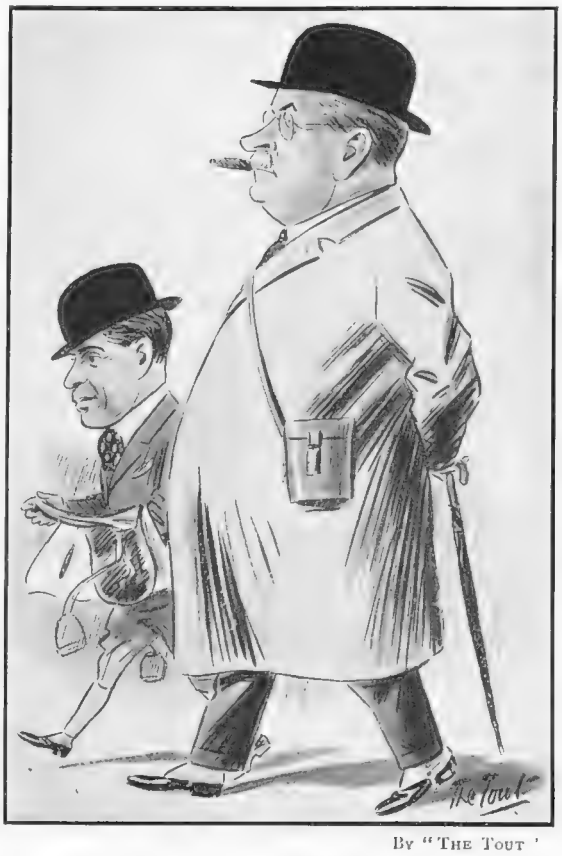
MUCH more to the point is Lord D'Abernon's theory that we begin our two-year-old racing too early. In France two-year-olds are not raced (excepting, I think, in selling events) until the summer is well advanced. This may possibly be an explanation of why they are now winning so many races in England. Happily, no slump in the value of British bloodstock has yet come to pass. Last week the great Newmarket sales were once again a remarkable success, and the large number of purchases made for abroad shows that our thoroughbreds are still regarded as being the best in the world.



Central Press

OUT WITH THE OXFORDSHIRE

Miss Milton-Harris (left), Sir Paul Makins and the Hon. Barbara Harcourt at the meet of the South Oxfordshire held at Nuneham. Sport was moderate, the afternoon run being spoilt by the usual eager misinformants



By "THE TOUT"

MR. W. A. BANKIER

The owner of that tip-top 'chaser, "Forwarned." He is seen with his trainer, the Hon. A. Hastings

Expenses

I AM not surprised that a certain section of the racing community has kicked against the high prices of admission at many racecourses in the winter. Those who attend the meetings regularly find out-of-pocket expenses a heavy drain. The racing man is regarded as the milch cow who can be milked with impunity. He has to pay outrageous prices in nearly every town where they have race meetings. The Nottingham executive, yielding to pressure, have knocked half-a-crown off the price of admission to their chief enclosure this week, and other meetings should follow suit during the winter months. At Lingfield on Friday **Hawker** may win the Open Steeplechase, and I expect **Wandering Monk** to take the Ashdown Hurdle Race on the second day.

Hunting Notes

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

Points Worth Noting

IN these days of cattle trouble it is more than ever imperative that followers of hounds should regard it as a personal duty to leave no gates open through which cattle may stray. Those who employ second horsemen should give their servants the most definite instructions on this point. Goodness knows how many times the necessity for studying the interests of the farmers has been rammed home, not only in the papers, but by Masters of Hounds in the form of personal appeals to their members. Yet at the beginning of each season we have evidence that riders to hounds are not nearly so

careful as they should be. However tiresome it may be, the necessity for constant reiteration of hunting "do's" and "don'ts" seems just as urgent. For example, the Master of the Atherstone has recently stated that in the first fortnight of the season the Hunt officials received an inundation of complaints of damage done and cattle let out of fields.

Not Playing the Game

Now, this is not playing the game. We hunt on sufferance, and the least we can do for those who are courteous enough to allow us to ride over their land

G. G. Garland

BEFORE THE RUN

Lady Rachel Howard, who is a keen rider to hounds, at a recent meet of the Crawley and Horsham. The meet was held near the Duke of Norfolk's seat at Arundel

G. G. Garland

SPORT IN THE SOUTH COUNTRY

Lieut.-General Sir Ivor Maxse out with the Cowdray at the meet held at Fittleworth The Cowdray, one of the largest of south country hunts, meets on Mondays and Fridays

is to give them every consideration in the matter of avoiding all unnecessary damage. Captain Ramsden, the Atherstone M.F.H., has compiled a little list of "don'ts" and "do's" for hunting people which should be read, marked, and properly digested by every man and woman who rides to hounds. Every year the hunting-field has its recruits who have important things to learn, but the novices are not always to blame. Some of the worst offenders are hardened sinners who know the rules of the game, but are too thoughtless or too careless to carry them into effect.

"Don'ts"

Captain Ramsden says firstly, do not ride over growing crops. Secondly, do not leave gates open and let cattle through. Thirdly, do not jump fences when hounds are not running, and, fourthly, do not cut wire. The last two are offences which occur all too frequently. The temptation to lark home over fences when hunting is finished is one which should be resisted. Nothing causes the average farmer more annoyance than damage done to fences in this way. The Atherstone M. F. H. tells his followers that they should school their horses at home and not over other peoples fences out hunting. He also reminds them that it is their duty to purchase their forage and other necessaries when possible from the farmers over whose land they ride.

Good Fellowship

An observance of these points will do much towards cementing the good-fellowship between the farmers and hunting people. Without that good feeling the grand old sport could not exist for long. Another M.F.H. has recently pointed out the loss of sport frequently caused by indiscriminate halloaing when hounds are running. He points out that halloaing causes delay, tends to get hounds' heads up, and generally unsettles them. This is particularly the case when several foxes are on foot. Information given personally to the Master or the hunt servants is what is wanted, and not so much excitable yelling when a fox is viewed.

Central News

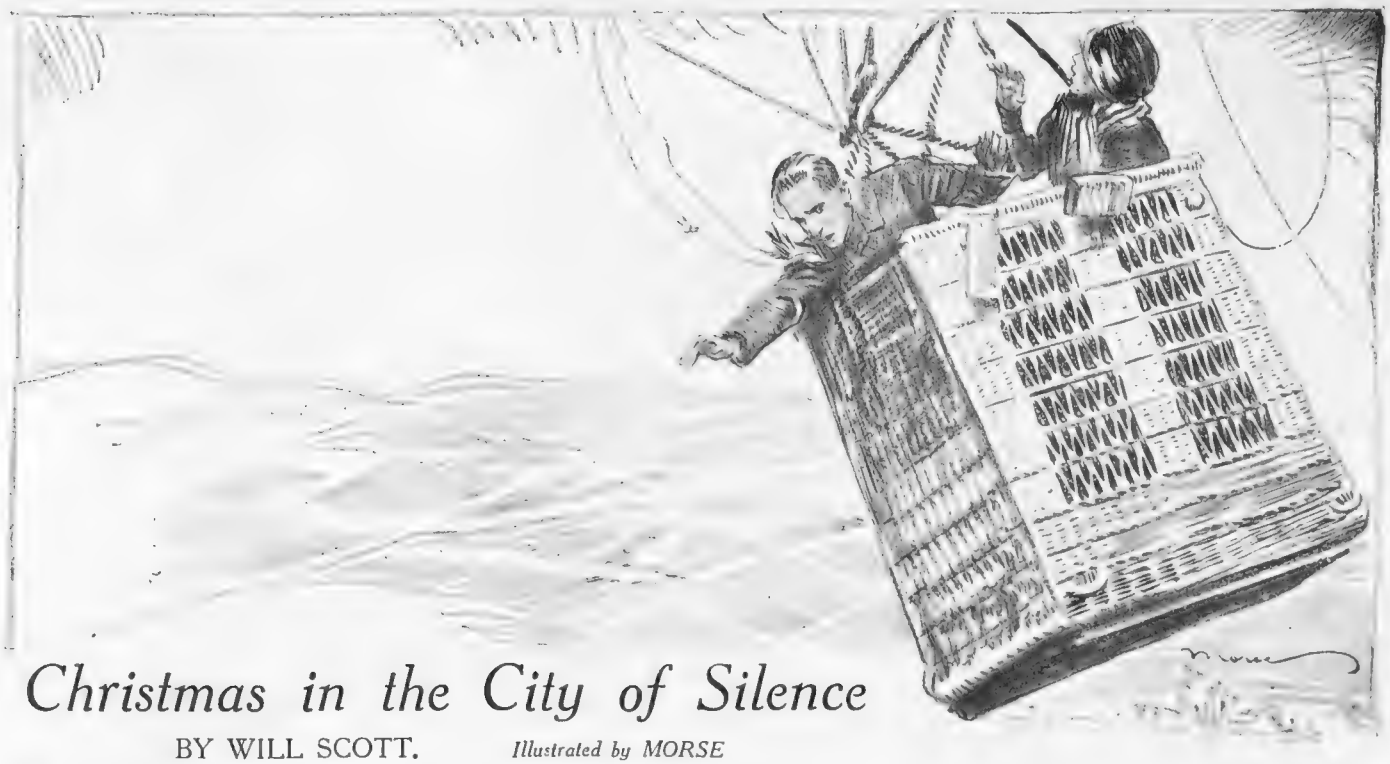
THE MEET AT MINTO

The Duke of Buccleuch with George Summers, the huntsman, at the recent meet of his hounds at Minto House. The Prince of Wales took part in the run which afforded excellent sport although no kill took place

Poole, Waterford

WITH THE HOUNDS IN YORKSHIRE

Lady Lawson (left), Major H. Levin and Miss Hutton Squire at a meet of the Bedale. The meet was held at Brough Hall, Catterick, the seat of Sir Henry Lawson



Christmas in the City of Silence

BY WILL SCOTT. *Illustrated by MORSE*

For two days the Farlands were literally away from this earth. The so-called captive balloon in which, on December 22nd, they ascended at Reggio to see the glories of the Strait of Messina, was hurled across the sky, free of its bonds and unballasted, like a stone through eternity. What was at first a problem became later a terror, and little Mrs. Farland, but a month ago a bride, viewed their situation with quite undisguised fright and was convinced that soon they must drop into the Mediterranean and be drowned. As for Henry himself, he has confessed that the Mediterranean would not have been by him unwelcomed. His greater fear was that parched blot somewhere to the south, the grim Sahara. If it was to the south. . . . Indeed, where exactly the south might be was more than he could say. The sun above, as well as the earth beneath, was obscured by the rolling clouds in which they were, all too truly and too terribly, lost. For the first time in his career Henry Farland felt utterly powerless.

So, unseen and unseeing, they sped through that first day and night. They had little to say to each other, for guesses at their changing location became things of terrifying monotony, and were left alone. In the long and dreary silences something of his little wife's fear communicated itself to Henry, and he was well convinced that their last hour was imminent. He would have pulled the rope that could send them below, had he been able to see below; but there all was a grey blur, and desperately he refrained.

At first the heat was unbearable; the clouds themselves seemed to boil; but later an intense cold succeeded, and on the second day a violent gale sprang up. Snow blinded them—great caking flakes—and the protection of their basket car was a mockery. For close on two days now they had eaten nothing, and as they clung fearfully to the basket, Henry's arms round his wife's chilled body, both of them were praying silently for the end to come soon and swiftly.

It was at the coming of the second dusk, ushered in by great banking clouds, that they first felt themselves to be falling. Henry glanced nervously over the edge of the car, but neither landmark nor seamark was discernible. Into his wife's hand he thrust a rope.

"Grip that firmly!" he shouted above the storm, and he saw her nod. "This is all we have to cling to now," he added—"this silly bag. I guess, from the weather we're in——"

He said no more. The great sphere turned gently over in the chaos, pitching its occupants across the car. Mrs. Farland cried aloud; clung to Henry and tried to smile.

"Where——?" she seemed to ask after a moment.

"Sweden — Alps — or something. Heaven knows!" he panted.

He had no sooner uttered the words than a dull tearing sound, audible even above the storm, ripped across their fright; the great ball seemed to die above them, and they fell with it far below, at last to pitch headlong into the courtyard of a Hindu temple.

. . . . . .

Henry Farland's emotions, on picking himself up from the snow, were various. Surprise at the unexpected termination to their journey; relief at finding himself still alive; misgiving at finding himself alive here; fear for his wife's safety—all these he experienced almost in the moment of meeting the earth. He stumbled to his feet and turned to aid his wife, smiling grimly at the bewilderment in her eyes.

"Merry Christmas, my dear!" he said, in a feeble attempt to bring a smile to her pale face.

"But—" she began and stopped. And then, half nervously, half unbelievingly—"India!"

Farland's mouth set and he looked away. She was watching him, and now suddenly she gasped in alarm at the subtle expressions of thought that showed on his face.

"They don't get weather like this in India proper," Henry said in a hushed voice. "At least, I don't believe so. I wouldn't mind India so much. What I fear—We're in the north somewhere. Tibet. . . "

"Dangerous, you mean, Henry? You mean we may be in danger?"

"Let us make sure," he countered, evasively; and he led the way across the storm-swept court.

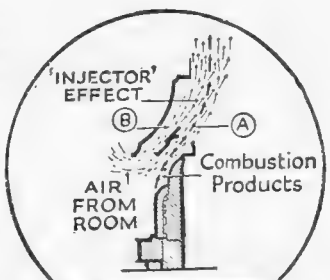
Awesome was the silence of the temple. As far as the eyes could see no light was shining. They had only the cold radiance thrown off by the snow to see by. Above the storm tall white minarets rose. They came to a great door, wonderfully carven, but it was closed and secured. Farland, knowing of the strange vengeances that had come in tales to England, hesitated to violate the temple beyond. Turning away they beheld an ornamental pond, frozen now, and then a great gateway leading out to the unknown.

(*Continued on page 840*)

Radiation Gas Grates *A Study by GORDON NICOLL*

YOU easily notice the difference between comfortable and uncomfortable warmth. But it is not so easy to know the difference between warmth that is healthful and warmth that is not. When you instal a Radiation Gas Grate you instal healthful as well as comfortable warmth. The room is never over-heated, the atmosphere never unpleasant, because a Radiation Gas Grate heats and ventilates at the same time. This is owing to the "Injector-Ventilator," an exclusive Radiation patent which changes the air several times an hour and ensures perfect ventilation without draughts. If you want the right kind of warmth you need a Radiation Gas Grate.

The Radiation Gas Grates have two openings under the canopy leading to the flue. The lower or "Injector" opening (A) carries away the entire combustion products, and the upper or "Ventilating" opening (B) carries away a large volume of air drawn from the room. The ascending current through the lower outlet promotes by injector-action the ventilating function in the outlet above; the result is that while pure radiant heat is distributed throughout the room, the air of the room is changed a sufficient number of times to ensure an agreeable and healthy atmosphere being maintained.



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However tastefully your room may be furnished and decorated, there is a Radiation Gas Grate that will suit it admirably. A variety of designs can be seen at your Gas Showrooms. Also at Ironmongers', Stores, or at any of the showrooms of the Radiation firms named below.

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"Go quietly," he whispered—"until we know. . . ."

Beyond the gateway the storm was like a frozen hell. Precarious peeps were all they dare risk in its bitter face. They stood under the vast arch, the beautiful carvings ironically framing them, hand-in-hand and hopeless.

"If—if we could steal some food somewhere. . . ." Mrs. Farland hinted, desperately.

Fate, scoffing, lifted a little curtain in the clouds and shone the moon on a barren landscape for their especial torture. It was for no longer than a second, but it sufficed to show them a nightmare. Bare hills rising to an unthinkable height—into the very heavens, it seemed to them there—with one lone temple or forbidding castle on the highest peak. Nothing else. How far away that castle might be neither of them could guess. Mrs. Farland lowered her head to Henry's shoulder and began to weep.

"Buck up, old lady," he begged. "Something may turn up yet. If——" He raised her head and looked at her. "Listen, darling," he said. "I am going out into the storm to find some better shelter—perhaps food. We simply can't stay here. It will soon be three days since last we ate. Another half-an-hour of this and we should be dead. Creep into that corner there and cover yourself with my coat. If I am not back soon. . . ."

He pressed something into her hand and she winced, hurriedly tucking it away in the pocket of his great coat. It was his revolver.

"Kiss me," he said.

She kissed him and he plunged away into the storm, down the three shallow steps and off into the unseen and the unknown. With her heart seeming to die within her living body she stood there a moment trying to see the unseeable; then she tottered back into the courtyard and sank down in a corner. Every icy finger of the evil elements poked into the place and found her shrinking body. She crept beneath the coat and tried to still her racing thoughts. Then from somewhere a great way off came the grim tolling of a bell. She thrust her little hand across her mouth and fainted.

. . . . . .

When her senses were clear again someone was bending over her, rubbing her hands. She opened her eyes in the dim light and stared in terror. But it was Henry and he was trying to smile.

"Don't be alarmed, dear. I—I found my way back." And in the relief that had come with her return to consciousness he sank beside her, exhausted.

"I'm played out, old lady," he panted. "I found no food. All I found was a cave, under a hill. I didn't explore it. Better than this, anyway."

"You—saw nobody?"

He shook his head.

"She stumbled to her knees and her husband had to raise her in his arms"

"It's the strangest place. I don't want to scare you, darling, but I'm all in. This place is *uncanny*. It's so *silent*. . . . It's like a city of—death; a city itself dead. I couldn't get far. The storm is paralysing. I found another temple and saw the great shapes of still more looming through the snow. I came upon a deserted shrine, and the Buddha smiled so pityingly on me. . . . But of human life—nothing; not even a footprint. There were strange gods, grinning. It was horrible. . . In my fright I cried aloud, but there was no answering cry. I—I don't understand it. Once I heard bells. . . ."

"I heard them, too," said his wife.

He took her hand and found that she was trembling.

"You have the gun?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Let's toddle down to that cave. Heaven knows if we'll ever toddle out again. . . ."

Side by side they passed from the silent temple to the cruel storm. She could see nothing, but he guided her safely, his arm outstretched, feeling the way. The cave was not very far, and certainly it was an improvement on the bleak courtyard, but its darkness was complete and awful, and Mrs. Farland would not venture far within. From its mouth nothing but the storm was visible, and the temple was now lost to sight in the gloom. She sank to her knees and sheltered behind her husband's frozen form.

"Henry." "Dear!"

"You remember . . . last Christmas—at Uncle Stephen's?"

It was a frail bond with the pleasant past from which they had been so cruelly snatched, and soon he was sitting beside her talking of those far-off Christmases they had known in civilisation, wondering if ever again they would sit round a cheerful English table on Christmas Day, pulling bon-bons, cracking feeble but such jolly jokes, eagerly and laughingly awaiting the coming of the pudding.

And after that there was so little could be said that for many minutes neither spoke again.

It must have been fifteen minutes later that Henry felt his wife's hand suddenly tighten, shaking, across his; felt her body stiffen and draw closer.

"What is it?" he cried.

"Listen! A strange chanting! Voices singing . . . far away. . . ."

Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"By heaven! yes—I hear!"

He drew her back into the darkness of the cave and was silent in thought for a moment.

"In case they are—friendly, we must see before we are seen. It might be priests, fanatics, barbarians—God knows what. It seems to come from far back in the cave. . . . Now it has stopped! Ethel, we are going back into this cave to learn what we can.

(Continued on page 842)

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Our clients' social prestige reflects the stylish smartness of our footwear. We fit our shoes to the feet of Royalty. Stage celebrities are also among our patrons, leaders of fashion, and many other fastidious women who recognise the intimate relationship which exists between a smart appearance and correctly fitting shoes.

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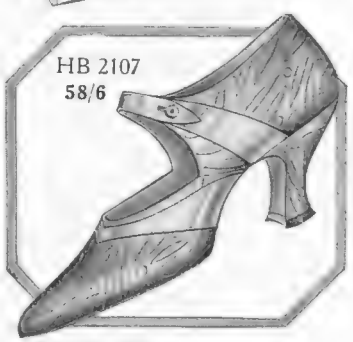
HB 2139
Silver tinsel Shoe with fancy straps trimmed silver kid. Also in gold brocade. Louis XV heel.

EB 1520
The 'Garland' Shoe. A very smart design, carried out in patent leather, trimmed silver kid. Also stocked in Paris brown glacé kid, trimmed Beige. Louis XV heel.



HB 2107
The 'Wembley' Shoe. A dainty new design in silver or gold brocade. Trimmed with kid to tone. Louis XV heel.

H.M. The Queen of Roumania made a selection of the latest styles from among the models shown on this page. They are not only smart and graceful styles, but are authoritatively correct for this Autumn's wear. Miss Madge Titheradge, who favours a pointed toe, was particularly pleased with Model HB 2107.

FB 1527
A smart design in Beige Suede, trimmed collar and bar with 'New Brown' Glacé Kid. Also in several other colour combinations. Louis XV heel.

HB 2132
A very choice brocade in the newest Paris shade of brown and gold. Louis XV heel.

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We just must know. Give me that revolver."

They fumbled back into the utter darkness, feeling every inch of the way before them. The path led slowly downward and round to the right, and the road was rough; but soon, to their surprise, they were rewarded by an arch of feeble light, and even they could hurry a little now—into the storm again. For the cave proved to be no cave at all, but a rough tunnel under a hill.

Yet still they were as far from hope as ever. They stood in the rough entrance and stared out on the storm-filled solitude, and Ethel Farland felt that soon she must die of sheer environment. She was indeed on the verge of fainting in her husband's arms when she heard him whisper excitedly:

"Look! A light!"

It was not so much a light as a small glow, far off—perhaps a lamp above a temple? Whatever it was, said Henry, they must go to it. The chanting was still unheard from where they stood; but Mrs. Farland's heart was no lighter for this.

"My darling," said Henry, "we are near the end. We *must* find somebody or something, enemy or friend. If enemies—I have the gun. They shall not take us . . . . Come."

For the second time they ventured forth into the pitiless inferno. It beat them down, weak as they were, sent them to their knees; but they fought their way up again and onward.

There was no path, or if there was it was snow-hidden. They clambered as best they could down a short but rough hillside, plunged knee-deep through a sluggish stream, and on over rough land filled with strange shapes which they did not understand.

All about them was an eerie silence, except for the driving of the storm. The chanting was not renewed, neither did the grim bell toll again. The strange glow at last became a definite point of light that lured them on to hope—or death.

The ground began to rise again, but the effort was now too much for the wearied woman. She stumbled to her knees and her husband had to raise her in his arms. She was very cold. She talked strangely of dead Christmases long gone by. "You remember, dear, that year in Canterbury. . . ."

Scarcely knowing how he did it, he staggered on with her in his arms. The lamp ahead, for lamp it was, could now be no more than a hundred yards away. It was high on the slope, and as he staggered up Henry fumbled stiffly for his revolver, and somehow contrived to pluck it from his pocket. Still his wife, only semi-conscious, babbled on of departed joys.

"Christmas . . . in England—dear England—old England. . . . You do remember, dear? Say you remember. If we could be there now. . . ."

Suddenly he stopped, his whole frame shaking. The lamp was now plainly seen, and the thing on which its light so startlingly fell. She heard him give a wild cry; she opened her eyes and smiled.

"Far away. . . . I am so cold. Say you remember——. If we could—be there—now. . . ."

"Ethel!" he was gasping. "Look! Under the lamp there!"

"What?"

Tiredly she looked—and then with starting eyes she looked again. First at the lamp, then at the thing which was under the lamp.

It was a wide square board with a great red circle in the centre. And across the circle were the words—*Wembley Park Station.*

By Appointment.

Pomagne *for* Christmas

The Aristocrat of Champagne Ciders

Improve the Christmas Festivities this year by including Bulmer's Pomagne. In bouquet, in sparkle, in flavour, Pomagne closely resembles a fine Champagne, undergoing the same processes and being perfected with the same care.

Cider Cup for Christmas Parties

1 large bottle of Bulmer's Pomagne, broken ice, fresh fruit, orange, pineapple, bananas, slice of lemon, dash of Maraschino. Soda-water to taste.

BULMER'S POMAGNE

Champagne Cider de Luxe

Made only by

H. P. BULMER & CO., Ltd., Hereford.

London and Export: Findlater, Mackie, Todd & Co., Ltd., London Bridge, S.E.1.

5

By Appointment.

Charming Christmas Gifts

CRÊPE DE CHINE DRESSING GOWNS AND SCARFS

Crêpe de Chine Dressing Robes in rich and exclusive colourings for Ladies and Gentlemen

Prices:

Single Fold

£6 : 10 : 0

Double Fold

£11 : 11 : 0

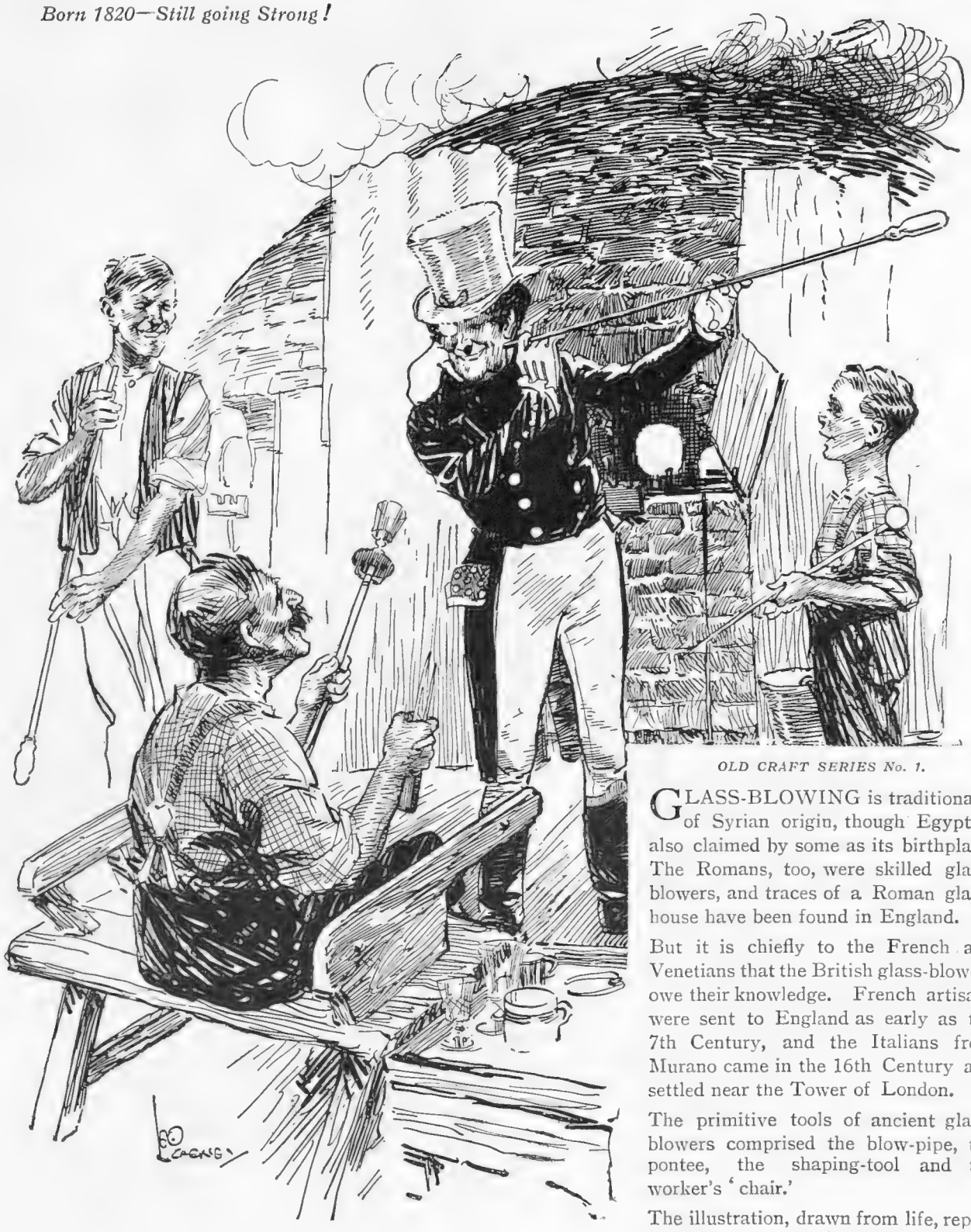
Finest quality Crêpe de Chine Scarf, with beautiful hand-embroidered Monogram. Made in a variety of exquisite colourings. Price, Plain, **50/-**; With Monogram, **75/-**

TURNBULL & ASSER,

71-72, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

Telegrams: "Paddywhack, Piccy, London." Telephones: Gerrard 4631 & 4632

Born 1820—Still going Strong!



OLD CRAFT SERIES No. 1.

GLASS-BLOWING is traditionally of Syrian origin, though Egypt is also claimed by some as its birthplace. The Romans, too, were skilled glass-blowers, and traces of a Roman glass-house have been found in England.

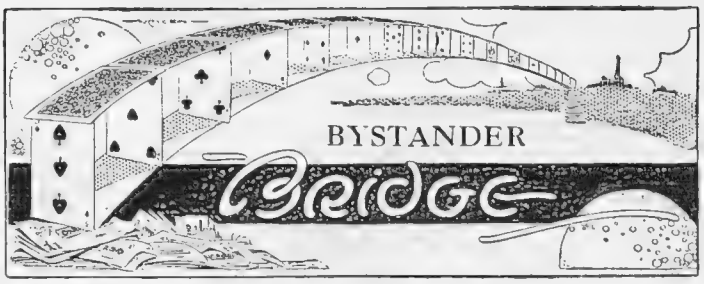
But it is chiefly to the French and Venetians that the British glass-blowers owe their knowledge. French artisans were sent to England as early as the 7th Century, and the Italians from Murano came in the 16th Century and settled near the Tower of London.

The primitive tools of ancient glass-blowers comprised the blow-pipe, the pontee, the shaping-tool and the worker's 'chair.'

The illustration, drawn from life, represents the ancient craft as it still survives in London.

Pride of Production is the Stimulus of True Craftsmanship —hence the Superiority of "Johnnie Walker."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

"SPOOF" BRIDGE

I PLAYED recently with some young men who make a habit of "spoof" bids. That is to say, they call what they have not got in order to deceive their opponents. That, incidentally, they mislead their partners does not matter at all, since no one at the table pays the slightest attention to partnership.

The idea is, when you have a good hand, not to bid it for its value at first but lie low for a double. You might imagine that when all four players are engaged on the same tactics, the game would be stultified, and that it would be a case of "dog eat dog." But I did not find that this was so. The perverted ingenuity displayed panned out as a rule extraordinarily well. The player with the best hand generally in the end got the declaration, or, if he didn't, he made a substantial double.

. . . . . .

Here is an instance of the kind of thing that happened. Z dealt, and held seven Clubs to the quart major, Ace and two other Diamonds, three Hearts to the 9 and no Spades. He called "two Spades." A then called "three Hearts"; Y "four Clubs" (having none), and B "four Hearts," which Z doubled and all passed. Knowing each other's methods it appeared that Z realised from his partner's bid that Y had a good hand, but was short or bare in Clubs. The double resulted in 400 points for Y Z, as A B could not extricate themselves. Of course, this mad bidding could only succeed when all four players are doing the same thing—that is, trying to deceive the others.

Apparently these young people derive great amusement from it, but why they call it Auction Bridge I cannot imagine. I call it "Catch-as-Catch-Can."

. . . . . .

How far is "spoof" admissible at Bridge? That is a very difficult question to answer. There is no *law* against a player bidding a suit he has not got, nor making any eccentric call that occurs to him. But, of course, all those who have a respect for the game view with horror these aberrations. I remember a rubber some years ago where I had as partner a rather peppery Colonel of the old school who was very strict in his ideas as to how the game should be played. At score of game all, he called "one No-Trumps," holding:—

S—A, Q, 2. H—A, K, 4. D—J, 3, 2. C—A, Q, 5, 4.

A on his left went "two Clubs"; Y and B passed, and the Colonel called "two No-Trumps." A doubled, and all passed.

. . . . . .

A then proceeded to play out eight winning Diamonds. The veins bulged on the Colonel's forehead. He grew angrier and angrier as the game proceeded. When, finally, he discovered that the two Club bidder had only King and another Club in his hand, he rose from his seat:

"I thought I was playing with gentlemen," he said. "A man who bids two Clubs with only two of the suit in his hand is not a Bridge player, but a card-sharper; I refuse to play any more."

. . . . . .

Now, the points that the Colonel in his wrath failed to see are that he need not have called "two No-Trumps." He could have doubled the "two Clubs" bid, which would of course have been a mistake, as A would then have been obliged to bid his Diamonds, in which, however, he could not have gone game. Or he could have left in the "two Clubs" bid, when A would have been hoist with his own petard, and would have come down on his contract.

I am not in favour of bluff bids, but there is always this to be said about the bluffer, that he takes the risk of having his bluff called. If a player likes to take the risk, I do not see that there is anything to prevent him doing so, nor can I agree that he has done anything absolutely unfair. It is difficult, if not impossible, to lay down any hard and fast line between what is legitimate bluff and what is dishonest. At a critical score one frequently bids up to try and get the opponents out of their depth. To that surely no one can object. It is part of the game, and part of the pleasure of the game.

. . . . . .

Here is a little trick—nothing to do with Bridge—which you can play on your friends, whereby, if they will do a few simple sums, you can tell their age and telephone number. Ask someone—it had better be a man, or at any rate someone young who does not mind admitting age, although, of course, if *she* gives a wrong age and sticks to it the results will not be affected.

Now, are you ready? Go.

"Write down, please, your telephone number. No, the exchange does not matter. Don't let me see it. Now multiply the number by 2 and add 5. Have you done that? Right, now multiply the total by 50, add 365, and then add your age. Now, please tell me the total."

You take the grand total and secretly deduct the number 615 from it. The last two figures give the age of the person and the first two, three or four, as the case may be, are the telephone number.

. . . . . .

Take a concrete case. The subject's telephone number is 60 and his age 30.

He writes down 60, doubles it, and adds 5=125. He multiplies 125 by 50=6,250, and adds 365=6,615. He now adds his age, 30, making the grand total 6,645, which he announces to you. You deduct 615, and the result is 6,030. Telephone number 60. Age 30.

Wonderful, is it not?

I do not know what mathematical genius invented it. But the result is infallible.

. . . . . .

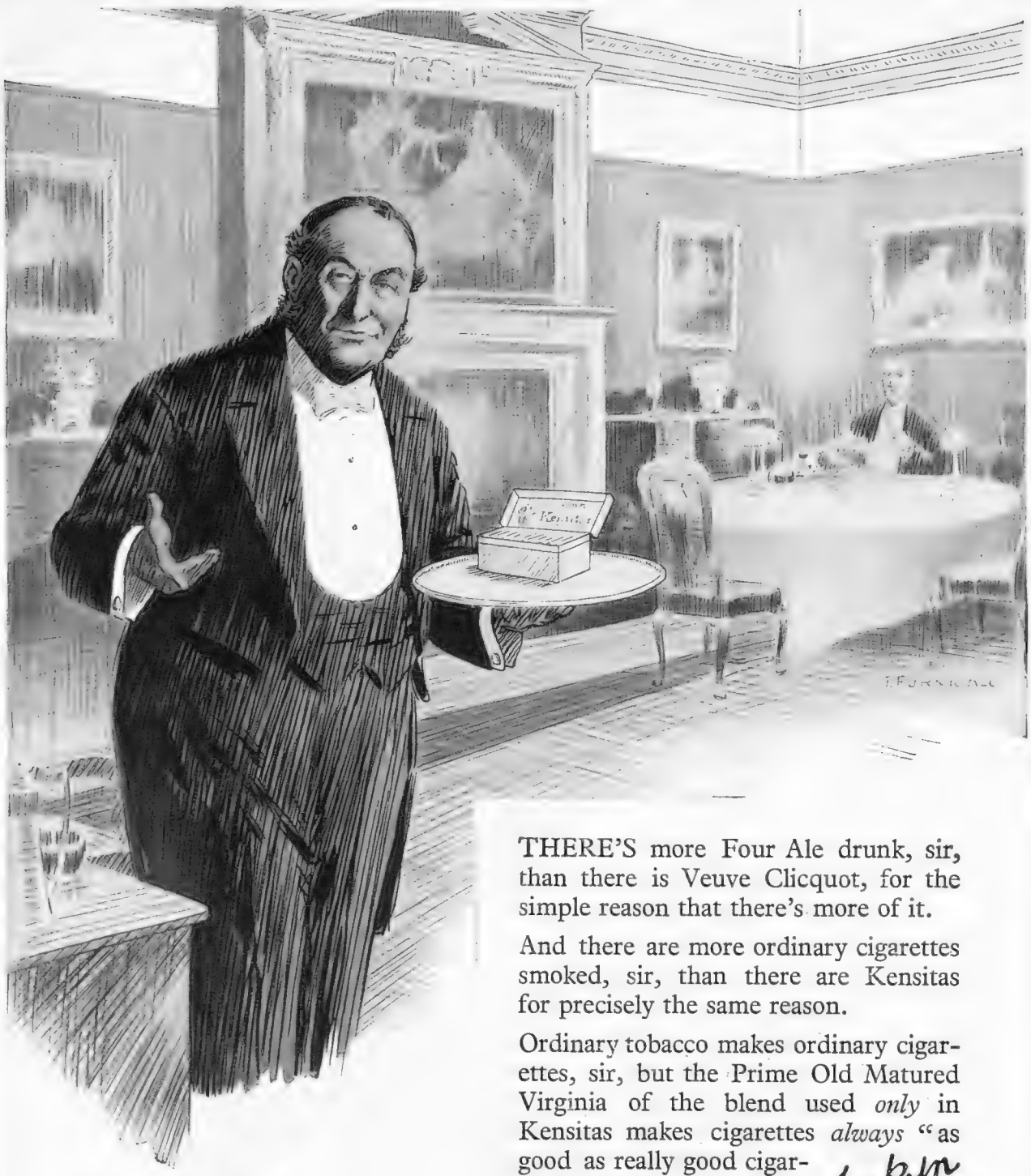
The result of the last BYSTANDER Four-Weeks' Competition is held over until next week.

THE DEPTH OF DESPAIR

By F. S. May

"Come along, Albert; don't be afraid"

"You'd be afraid if you was as low down as me"



THERE'S more Four Ale drunk, sir, than there is Veuve Clicquot, for the simple reason that there's more of it.

And there are more ordinary cigarettes smoked, sir, than there are Kensitas for precisely the same reason.

Ordinary tobacco makes ordinary cigarettes, sir, but the Prime Old Matured Virginia of the blend used *only* in Kensitas makes cigarettes *always* "as good as really good cigarettes can be."

Jenkyn

20 *for* 1/-

50 *for* **2/6** **100** *for* **4/10**

The unique quality of Kensitas is only possible at the popular price because no pictures, prize schemes or other inducements are offered with them. All the value is in the cigarettes themselves—a better cigarette from better tobacco, yet at the same price as ordinary cigarettes.

Kensitas

the preferred cigarette

Manufacturers : J. WIX & SONS, LTD., 174-5-6, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

THE BALL OF THE YEAR

THE SOCIAL EVENT OF THE YEAR

WILL BE THE GREAT

Chelsea Arts Ball

AT THE

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

ON

NEW YEAR'S EVE

It will be the famous Annual Ball of the Chelsea Arts Club specially organised in conjunction with the Celebrations to mark the

COMING OF AGE of THE BYSTANDER

whose 21st Birthday falls this month. In effect the Ball will be

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BIRTHDAY PARTY

The price of Tickets is 2 Guineas each
(INCLUDING SUPPER)

The First Thousand have already been sold, and the Committee reserve the right to increase the price of the last tickets.

Correspondence should be addressed to—Mr. G. SHERWOOD FOSTER, 15, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7, or Mr. FRANK L. LASCOT, "The Bystander" Offices, Graphic Buildings, E.C.4

The World's Biggest Birthday Party

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE" [G.P.U.

Mr. Nat Ayer, the well-known composer, playing over the new fox-trot, "When You and I Were Twenty-One," which he has composed in honour of our coming-of-age celebrations which are being held in conjunction with the Chelsea Arts Club Ball at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve. The author of the lyrics, Mr. Ralph Stanley, is seen trying over the steps for it

The Ball of the Year

THERE should be no need by now to mention which THE Ball of the Year will be, but just in case there are one or two somnolent souls who have not heard the glad tidings, we will mention right here and now that it is the famous annual Chelsea Arts Ball specially organised in conjunction with the Celebrations to mark the Coming-of-Age of THE BYSTANDER.

4,000 Revellers

AND what a Birthday Party it will be! THE BYSTANDER, reversing the usual process of things, is actually giving birthday presents to every one of the four thousand guests who will be making merry on New Year's Eve at the Albert Hall. Gifts to the value of nearly £2,000 will be presented, with the result that every lady will receive a specially-fashioned box of Cadbury's chocolates with the Editor's compliments, whilst nearly 150,000 Abdulla cigarettes are to be given—a box to every gentleman present. THE BYSTANDER, having the welfare of its friends at heart, is providing both Turkish and Virginian, so all that the gentlemen have to do is to "take their choice"—and pay no money.

"Some" Birthday Cake!

OF course, no birthday party is complete without a birthday cake, and the largest and finest one in the world has been fashioned by Mr. Henry Poole, A.R.A., who has had the assistance of Mr. Fred Leist, the Australian Artist, in the colouring. This magnificent model, which is a real artistic masterpiece, will occupy the place of honour on the dancing floor. Standing close on forty feet in height, it will be decorated with twenty-one large candles, and will be illuminated by a special scheme of electric lighting. Another feature of its "decorations"

FINISHING TOUCHES [G. P. U.

Mr. Henry Poole, A.R.A., putting the finishing touches to the model of the World's greatest birthday cake which he has designed for the Chelsea Arts Club Ball. The cake, which will be between 30 and 40 feet high, will occupy the place of honour in the centre of the floor at the Albert Hall

will consist of a number of statuesque figures—really most charming young ladies—who, on the stroke of midnight, will come to life and play a part in ushering in the New Year. Birthday cake is made to be eaten, so the caterers, Messrs. Letheby and Christopher, Ltd., are providing some 150 models of the great effigy, and these will be on show before being cut up and divided among the guests.

The Decorative Note

THE central theme is the Coming-of-Age, and the general scheme of decorations is in the able hands of Mr. Philip Connard, A.R.A. The success of the Chelsea Arts Balls is due, in very large measure, to the untiring efforts of the artists and art students themselves, who fling themselves whole-heartedly into the work of making things go with a swing. Among the special features devised by the art schools for this year's ball will be a tableau of a Venetian Fête, in which Venus will appear in the centre of a real gondola. Then John Peel and his pack will a-hunting go—over the dance-floor, and a Persian birthday party will be seen in an appropriate setting; while some very bright students of the Royal Academy will give *their* version of a twenty-first birthday. It promises to be quite a surprising one. Incidentally, it may be mentioned here that among the stewards will be: Sir John Lavery, Augustus John, Howard Somerville, C. R. W. Nevinson, H M. Bateman and George Henry.

G.P.U.

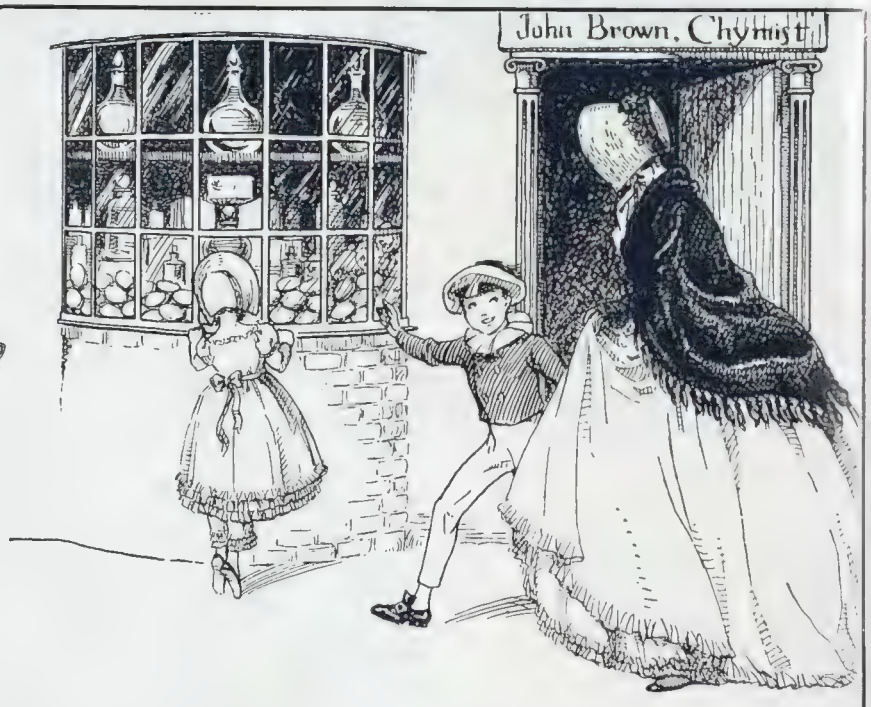
THE DECORATIONS CHIEF

Mr. Philip Connard, A.R.A., at work on the general scheme of decorations for the Chelsea Arts Club Ball on New Year's Eve. This year's theme is a "Coming-of Age"

A Fox-Trot That Will Live

THE dancing will certainly be something exceptional this year, for many new tunes will be introduced by the orchestra of over a hundred instrumentalists. Two numbers which will gain great attention have been specially composed for THE BYSTANDER birthday by the world-famous composer, Mr. Nat Ayer. A special foxtrot, "When You and I Were Twenty-One," is one of the catchiest tunes Mr. Ayer has ever conceived, whilst the specially written valse-song, "Just a Little Song at Twilight," is a masterpiece. The lyrics for both dances have been written by Ralph Stanley, and the well-known firm of music publishers, Messrs. B. Feldman and Co., are making arrangements to publish both numbers, which will be on sale on the first day of the New Year. These two numbers have already created a big stir in circles that know in the music world.

You must not take chances with your complexion



It isn't worth it. And there is no need to. People have been testing Wright's Coal Tar Soap for sixty years—isn't that a long enough trial? And the enormous increase in our sales shows what the verdict is.

Millions of babies have been washed with it: millions of beautiful women owe their complexion to it: millions of old people have kept their skins soft with it.

It has been tested for you!

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

Snapdragon.

This popular game is played in a darkened room, and consists of snatching raisins from a dish of burning brandy—*or a whisky as good as John Begg.*

It's a wise old custom to

take a peg of

John Begg!

The Scotch Whisky that has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for 75 years.

By Appointment since 1848.

JOHN BEGG LTD., 106, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3; 64, Waterloo St., Glasgow.

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK & WHITE"

"BLACK & WHITE" is unequalled for mellowed softness and delicate bouquet, which only a blend of age-matured whiskies can give.

The holding of the Largest Stocks of Matured Scotch Whiskies assures a commanding position and guarantees a maintenance of Age and Quality.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

Some Xmas Books for our Bright Young People

READING, like everything else, is not what it was. We—you and I, dear reader—who have our inmost loves among the books, are quite used to hearing that well-worn excuse, "I do so *love* reading, but I never get any time," from the busy bodies who have so much less to do than we ourselves. One of these days we shall hear our children saying it. It will be a sad day, for something will really be wrong with the world. Meanwhile, let us thank whatever gods there be that there is no sign of Bolshevism among the bright young things of the nursery; that a book present still brings a happy light into fresh young eyes. This year's output of Christmas books is as varied as ever. Editions *de luxe* are more luxurious, thrilling "excapes" are just as thrilling, fairy adventures are just as real. It is impossible to mention more than a very few, chosen at random from the formidable publishers' lists, in the space at our disposal.

The Hardy Annuals

As heretofore, the House of Cassell is well in the front rank with their ever-popular annuals. *Chums* (12*s.*) still holds its place in youthful hearts, and the 1924 edition is a worthy upholder of tradition. A good number of exciting adventure stories, such as "Captives in El Dorado," by that old *Chums* favourite, S. Walkey, are interspersed with informative articles that tell one all about the gas engine and how an Arab dhow should be made. The *British Boys' Annual* and the *British Girls' Annual* (6*s.* each) are two more favourites. Both are splendidly illustrated in colour and in black and white, and both have notable features. For the girls there is an excellent article on how to write short stories by Mr. Newman Flower (I fear the number of would-be feminine novelists is on the increase!), and I noticed a splendid colour drawing by Mr. P. B. Hickling. The boys, besides many exciting stories, have also that very sure card, the giant locomotive of various countries. *Cassell's Children's Annual* (5*s.* 6*d.* and 6*s.* 6*d.*) is full of good things for the little ones, contributed by artists and writers who really know what their youthful readers want. Also for the very junior members of the family are Messrs. Raphael Tuck's two favourites, *Father Tuck's Annual* and *Little People's Annual*, both full of lots of pretty stories and lots of bright colour. Two novel annuals from Messrs. Cecil Palmer are *Hullo, Boys!* and *Hullo, Girls!* both sold at 3*s.* net. They are, as the names indicate, contributed by various wireless "uncles" and "aunties" to their thousands of little "nephews" scattered over the British Isles. Splendid yarns and pleasing illustrations in colour and photogravure!

Four excellent annuals from the Allied Newspapers, Ltd., are *Hulton's Girls' Stories*, *Hulton's Adventure Stories* (5*s.* each), *The Happy Christmas Annual* (full of bright pictures, rhymes and riddles for the kiddies), and *The Joy Book*—just the thing to brighten the reading hours of the little folk. The colour work, in particular, of these four annuals is most notable and full of distinction. From Messrs. Blackie and Sons comes a handsome *Children's Annual* and the popular *Girls' Annual*, full of things to amuse and instruct; and such collections as *The Merry Laughter Book* and *The Picnic Story Book* for smaller folk. For children who are fond of animals, *A Town Dog in the Country* (W. and R. Chambers, 6*s.*) is an excellent production, with illustrations by G. Vernon Stokes that every kiddie will adore.

Books of Adventure

The boy and girl who has a taste for adventure stories of the right type—in other words, all boys and girls—are extraordinarily well catered for this season, for not only is there a host of new fiction to stir their young imagination, but a lot of old friends have returned to the market. For instance, Messrs. Blackie and Son have an illustrated popular edition of the works of the ever-popular G. A. Henty at 3*s.* 6*d.*, whilst this firm's Library of Famous Books, which includes the works of writers whose names are household words, such as Ballantyne, Marryat, Kingston, Fenimore Cooper, Stead, Louisa Alcott and Charlotte Yonge, is extraordinarily good value at 2*s.* a volume.

Among the newer books, *Unconquered Wings* (6*s.* net), by Percy F. Westerman (who is now a well-established favourite) is certain to appeal irresistibly to all youngsters, treating as it does with the thrilling experiences which befall the crew of a giant aeroplane in their adventures in the upper air.

A SURPRISE FOR FOUR LITTLE FISHERMEN

One of the many delightful illustrations from "The Happy Xmas Annual," published this year by the Allied Newspapers, Manchester

Of late years there has been a great advance in the quality of girls' stories, and an author who has done as much as anyone to bring about this welcome change is Miss Angela Brazil. Although a prolific writer, she never sacrifices quality to quantity, and *Captain Peggy* (Blackie and Son: 6*s.* net) is well up to her usual high standard. Brightly written, full of exciting and humorous incident, it is an ideal story of life in a girls' school of to-day.

Another girls' school story which stands out as being outside the usual ruck is *Buddy and Quilla*, by Miss Evelyn Smith (Blackie and Son: 3*s.* 6*d.* net). The characters in this brightly written story are no mere puppet figures, but really live in its pages.

"THIS YEAR, NEXT YEAR, SOMETIME . . . ."

A captivating page from Cassell's Children's Annual—a gem of delight for young folk

In Fairyland

It will be a sad day when the kiddies no longer believe in fairies and all the other delightful inhabitants of the lands of youthful mythology, but, "praise the pigs," that day appears to be as far off as ever. Of the new fairy tales that have made their appearance, one of outstanding note is *Santa Claus in Summer* (Messrs. Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Delightfully illustrated by A. H. Watson and written by no less a literary celebrity than Compton Mackenzie, this story is based on all the nursery rhymes, and all the heroes and villains of our nursery days figure in its pages, their familiar adventures being strung into a coherent and amusing tale. This is a book which will win the hearts of all children up to the age of about four score and ten.

The Little Grey Goose, by Félicité Lefèvre (Messrs. Grant Richards: 2*s.* 6*d.*), *The Little Girl Who Kept Fairies*, by Christine Jope-Slade (Messrs. Nisbet: 5*s.*)—a book which strikes quite an original note—and *The Dumas Fairy Book*, illustrated by Harry Rountree (Messrs. Warne: 6*s.*) are all of special note among this year's Christmas books.

Children all love "dressing-up" and acting, but it is no easy matter for the grown-up to solve the query, "What can we act?" However, a happy solution is at hand in the shape of a collection of sketches entitled *Eight Little Plays for Children*, by Rose Fyleman (Messrs. Methuen: 3*s.* 6*d.*), which is the very thing for the Theatre Royal, Nurseryland.

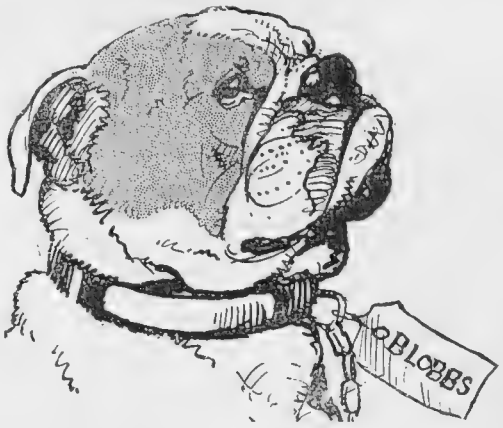
Children's parties are now in full swing, and the worried parent who is none too sure how to amuse the kiddies cannot do better than buy *Children's Parties and How to Arrange Them*, by David C. Minter (Messrs. Thornton Butterworth: 3*s.* 6*d.*). The book is an absolute mine of clever suggestions and helpful hints.

To the Younger Hopefuls

From Messrs. Dean and Son comes a vast series to suit all purses. There is, for instance, *The Budget Series* (3*s.*), including one with the intriguing title, *Tub-Night Tales*. It will, doubtless, be worth while not crying at bath time, if the just reward (some folk who know nothing might call it a bribe!) were a story from this captivating book. Then, for two shillings, there is the Strongland Series, including *Water Sprites* and *The Bunnie's Bubble Book* (I must borrow that myself), with nice large print; and lots of painting and stencil books—some mounted on cotton cloth for reasons that will not be pursued lest the subject prove a painful one. From Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co. comes the full and authentic version of *Ye Three Blind Mice*, delightfully illustrated. As most of us grown-ups never get beyond the first verse, I don't suppose the bairns will see much of this book at first. The same firm also issues *The Noo-Zoo Tales* by Lawson Wood.

Dolls That Never Die

We have not yet found the secret of perpetual human life, thank goodness! But the problem has been adequately solved in the doll-world. With the products of Dean's Rag Book Company, there is no need for sorrowing little hearts over Dolly's premature demise. These rag dolls never die; they positively thrive on rough handling. Dean's catalogue this year includes—need one say it?—the world favourite Felix, major and minor; and that other popular film star, Baby Betty, quite as winsome as the peripatetic Felix is quaint. Baby Betty varies in price from 10*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* 6*d.* according to size. Felix is quite ubiquitous and wanders through prices from 18*s.* to 1*s.* The Posy Doll series is another notable feature. These are really beautiful, artistically dressed in felt of all colours, and the most happy little creatures. They are priced at 17*s.* 6*d.* and 11*s.* 6*d.* There is, in addition, an endless variety of enduring A1 toys, besides a host of rag alphabet books and "hangers" which, so all the best babies assure me, are most pleasant to the taste.



DOGGED DOES IT!

Mr. Blobbs, the hero of a delightful Christmas book, "A Town Dog in the Country" (published by W. & R. Chambers), that will appeal to all child lovers of animals

Christmas Cards and Calendars

This year there seems to be an even greater range and variety in Christmas cards and calendars than ever. For instance, Messrs. C. W. Faulkner and Co., Ltd., the well-known firm of art publishers, have produced a most entrancing and varied selection of Christmas attractions. Calendars, Christmas cards, children's paint books and picture books, all are up to the high standard which Messrs. Faulkner have set and live up to. Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., who are again printing the Royal Family's Christmas cards, have excelled themselves in their Christmas cards this year. Designed to suit all purses, the cards are of uniform excellence, and if this famous firm is the medium of supplying the cards which *you* send, there is little fear of them failing to appeal to the recipients.

W. & R. Chambers's Announcements

38, Soho Square, LONDON, W. 339, High Street, EDINBURGH.

Chambers's New Books for Boys and Girls

Tastefully bound with attractive Colour Jackets and charmingly illustrated by PERCY TARRANT, J. FINNEMORE, W. RAINEY, J. R. BURGESS, MOLLY BENATAR, and NINA K. BRISLEY. Net.

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN. By Escott Lynn. 5s. 0d.

YO-HO-HO. A Story of Modern Piracy and Smuggling. By E. R. Spencer. 3s. 6d.

THE EARL'S WHITE CROSS. By David Ker. 4s. 0d.
A posthumous story discovered by the author's widow. It is a powerful historical tale of the stirring times of Henry III. and is written in David Ker's most vigorous and convincing style.

THE SCHOOL WITHOUT A NAME. By Elsie J. Oxenham. 5s. 0d.

THE BRILLIANT GIRLS OF THE SCHOOL. By May Baldwin. 4s. 0d.

THE MAIDS OF LA ROCHELLE. By Elinor M. Brent-Dyer. 3s. 6d.
A bright, fresh story for girls in their "teens," the scene of which is laid in Guernsey.

THE LUCK OF THE SCHOOL. By Ethel Talbot. 3s. 6d.

ERICA WINS THROUGH. By Josephine Elder. 3s. 6d.

BILLY, LILY, AND BINKS. By L. E. Tiddeman. 2s. 6d.
A most engaging story for younger boys and girls.

THE SEVEN BASILS. By E. M. Channon. 2s. 6d.
A clever story for young folks, with a wholesome but unobtrusive moral.

Two Splendid Picture Books for Children.

THE ARCTIC ORPHANS. 6/- net
Illustrated in colour and black and white by N. PARKER, with Verses by B. PARKER. A charming book for children.

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A "COSMOS" RADIO SET

The "Cosmos" Universal Five Valve Set receives British and Continental Stations at Loud Speaker strength.

In handsome Mahogany Cabinet, £38 15 0

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THE "Cosmos" Universal Sets are designed and produced by the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company with their magnificent manufacturing facilities; wireless research work is of no recent growth with them. The original 2 Z.Y. Station was located in their Trafford Park Works, and their association with experimental transmissions from K.D.K.A. will still be remembered.

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The New Enamel Tin made flat and shaped to prevent bulging pockets

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"ARMY CLUB" Cigarettes are *perfect* in size. The pure *old matured* Virginia Tobacco is rolled in *pure ribbed rice* and *watermarked paper*.

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SLIPS EASILY
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"SANDHURST" SIZE – 50 *for* 2/6

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MAYS A.A.

BEDLINGTON BEAUTIES

THE BENCHES IN THE PARK

By "THE KENNELMAN"

LADY amateurs, in particular, must note as an engagement Thursday of this week for the Ladies' Kennel Association Show at Alexandra Palace. It will attract a lordly assembly of the best Dogs. So far from confining themselves to the little fellows, women fanciers these days breed many of the biggest varieties, and do extremely well with Hounds; albeit not, I regret to say, with that *pucca* sport and lovable pal, the Basset—once known, always loved, for his sterling qualities, fascinating appearance and intriguing ways.

Among the small breeds, one that earns far more attention and general popularity among men, women and youngsters than it has is the Bedlington, that great-hearted, grizzled little gentleman with the unique head, who combines many of the irresistible charms of the Dandie Dinmont with the sportsmanship and vivacity of the Wire-haired Fox-Terrier and the adaptability and handiness of the smallest of "indoor Dogs." "That *new* kind of Dog that Lady Diana Cooper has," said an innocent stroller at a recent Show, as she paused before a champion Bedlington's bench, whose pedigree, in fact, is recorded back to early Victorian days! Quarrelsome? Not a bit of it; not when rationally brought up; but game to the death——Oh, yes; to the last gasp; as the perfect Terrier should be. The Secretary of the Bedlington Club (according to *Everybody's Dog Book*) is Mrs. M. E. Mead, of Merrywick, Hedon Hill; and another well-informed lady authority is Mrs. Ralph Beck, 8a, East Chapel Street, W.1.

There are many Dogs in whom a fine glossy coat, with a satin sheen to it, is greatly appreciated. Mr. George I. Wilson, of Julian Road, Folkestone (in the spirit of a good fancier), wishes to give BYSTANDER readers the benefit of personal experience in this connection, in which he has got "astonishingly good results from giving a teaspoonful of linseed oil once weekly." For the big fellows, the dose might well be enlarged; it couldn't do harm. For external use, as for Bloodhounds, for instance, a mixture I've found invaluable—antiseptic, growth-promoting, good for gloss and health—is cocoanut, eucalyptus, and paraffin oils; especially round about ears, eyes, nostrils, etc.—splendid stuff to rub well in at night.

The breeding and good sense of some people who make a practice of eating meals in the London parks may leave something to be desired, but their dietary would seem to be varied and ample—maddeningly so for people who exercise their Dogs in the parks; for it frequently includes chicken, richly rinded Camembert, game, all kinds of pig-meat and pickles, and other comestibles, the remains of which form deadly nightshade for Dogs, apart from their other disadvantages as park decorations. The uncanny thing is, some of these sowers of seeds of unkindness (and real suffering) cherish the delusion that Dogs and their human friends should be *grateful* to them.

A Kennelman is professionally a Huntsman's comrade. As such, I'd like to endorse warmly Lord Valentia's recommendation of a delightful new book, *Hold Hard! Hounds, Please!* by "Yoi-Over," for forty years Huntsman and Whipper-in for well-known packs. It's published by Witherby, and is from the end bin, as they say: the real vintage stuff in every page; extraordinary well-written, too; lucid as it is live and racy. Its advice about Dog medicines (including such heroic horrors as ground-glass vermifuges!) wants reading in the light of technical modern research; but the book as a whole demands, not Reserve or V.H.C., but a First Prize Card.

JOSHUA HOYLE & SONS, LTD.

ANOTHER ANXIOUS AND DIFFICULT YEAR.

EMPIRE GROWN COTTON.

THE ordinary general meeting of Joshua Hoyle and Sons, Ltd., was held on Thursday, November 27th, at India Mill, Bacup, Lieut.-Colonel J. Craven Hoyle, T.D., D.L., presiding.

THE CHAIRMAN, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that the profit for the year showed a gain of £1,000 above last year, and the balance carried forward, an increase of £4,200, after payment of the dividends as stated in the directors' report.

Twelve months since he had stated that the period through which the Company had passed had been one of the greatest anxieties since the firm had been established, and he regretted to say that during the period under review the conditions governing business and trade generally had been, if anything, worse, and a period of even greater anxiety. The same difficulties to which he had referred in November, 1923, as confronting business firms, still continued, and in addition to that as regarded the cotton trade, there had been constant and violent fluctuations in the price of raw cotton.

It was gratifying, he said, to all interested in the trade to know that efforts were being made through the British Empire to find and develop areas for the production of cotton and although, at the moment, the situation as regarded raw cotton was very much improved, he trusted there would be no relaxation in those efforts. Though it would take time to produce an appreciable amount, there were areas in the Empire where the required staple could be produced and suitable labour obtained, and only waiting for means of transport to handle the produce on a commercial basis.

Efforts of Masters' Federation.

Through the depression of trade, the amount of time lost through actual short time and extended holidays, had materially affected the cost of production all round. With the rest of the trade the firm of Joshua Hoyle and Sons had backed up the Masters' Federation in their efforts to reduce the serious loss which the whole trade was suffering between the cost of production and the selling prices obtained.

The Company's display of their many and varied productions at the British Empire Exhibition had created great interest, and would, he felt sure, eventually lead to a greater recognition of the varied nature of their goods.

He thought they could congratulate themselves on having come through such a trying and difficult position and on being able to show such a favourable result.

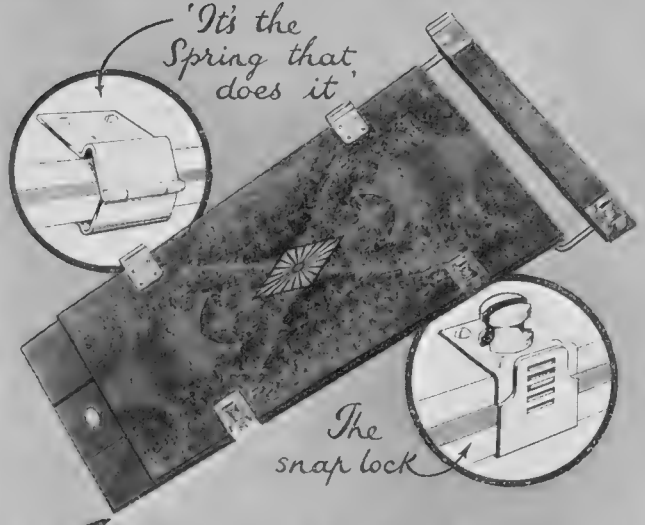
As to the future, he had never prophesied, but providing the trouble in the Far East was settled, and there were no serious developments in the Near East, he was of the opinion that the trade of Lancashire would get into a much more stable position, and he felt entitled to express the hope that they had now turned the corner. (Hear, hear.)

SIR WILLIAM E. BERRY, Bart., seconded the resolution.

Managing Director's Views.

MR. WALTER PILLING (Managing Director), in supporting it, said that in the whole of his forty years' experience of the cotton trade he never remembered anything to equal the depression through which they had passed. It had been a struggle from morning to night. Last year he held out a pious hope that things would be better. Unfortunately, they had had to wait until practically the last few weeks of their financial year before seeing material signs of that hoped for improvement. He was glad to be able to say that they had booked orders which would keep their Bacup Mills running for three to four months. They wanted not only cheap cotton and reduced local taxation and expenditure, but also economy in Imperial taxation which was one of the very serious menaces still in operation.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.



A long felt want-

MEN have long felt the want of a trousers press that would be effective yet simple.

Many attempts have been made to supply this want, but nothing has been produced that is quite so simple as the "Acme" Trousers Press showing in all the Meakers Shops.

A glance at the picture will show you how simple it is, snaps open—clicks shut. A fine crease in your trousers—the work of seconds.

Highly finished as Inlaid Walnut **30/-**

There is also the "Acme" Tie Press built on the same principle. Polished Oak 3/6. As Inlaid Walnut 5/6 Postage 4d.

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"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" Gramophones & Records will provide a feast of entertainment in thousands of homes this Christmas.

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(White Enamel)
£3 : 10 : 0

There are instruments in a variety of styles to suit the most exacting tastes, and the finest repertoire of music in existence—Nursery Records, Dance Records, complete Operas, Symphonies, Chamber Music, Songs and Ballads — something to please everyone, including the children.

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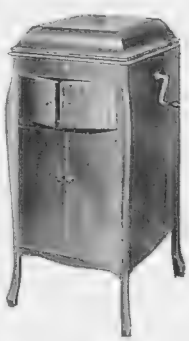

Model No. 460
(With the Pleated Diaphragm)
Oak - £22 : 10
Mahogany £25 : 0

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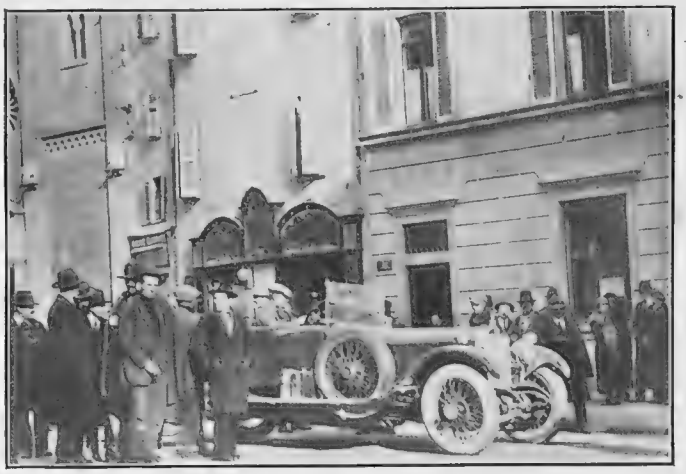
Oak - - £22 : 10
Mahogany £27 : 10

MOTOR NOTES



WHERE THE VIOLETS GROW

Natives of Parma flocking round a Sunbeam car at one of its halts on a run to Rome. The smooth running of the engines intrigued the Italians enormously

WITHOUT trenching on politics, I may state that our export trade is that which must be most fully developed in order to reinstate our financial stability. This theory is accepted by many of our leading manufacturers, and in the motor world it may be taken almost as an axiom that W. R. Morris would take the earliest opportunity of exploring the possibilities of the export market. An occasion arose during the visit of the invincible "All Blacks" to Oxford for the purpose of beating the University. The visitors were specially invited to the Morris works at Cowley, and the opportunity was taken of discussing the suitability of the standard Morris-Oxford and Morris-Cowley cars for overseas conditions. The general opinion of our "much-to-be-feared" visitors was that the Morris required little or no alteration for the conditions of arduous overseas service. Incidentally, three members of the team entered into negotiations for purchasing Morris cars.

* * *

To Rome on a Sunbeam is one of the most fascinating books I have read, as showing what can be done with a modern motor-car on a trip where time is strictly limited, and the maximum of travel has to be crammed into the minimum of time. It is the description of a trip by three enthusiastic motorists who set off in March, 1924, to visit Rome, and to return to town within a month. The book is most brightly written and illustrated with extraordinarily good photographs made by one of the crew. The text pages are enlivened with impressionistic sketches by Miss Helen McKie, who is not entirely unknown to "Bystanders." This book is a real work of art, and should be in the possession of all who take an interest in the world-wide possibilities of a motor-car. The production is naturally limited, but all details can be obtained from the Sunbeam Motor Car Co., Ltd., of Wolverhampton.

I HAVE been trying a particularly sweet running French car recently, and I have been impressed by its performances. It is a standard 14 h.p. Delage, placed at my disposal by J. Smith and Co., Motor Agents, Ltd., who are direct agents and distributors for London and Middlesex. The engine is just over the popular two-litre size, and develops a most satisfactory amount of power. The car is not particularly fast on the level, but it shows up very well on hills, with the result that a respectable average speed can be maintained.

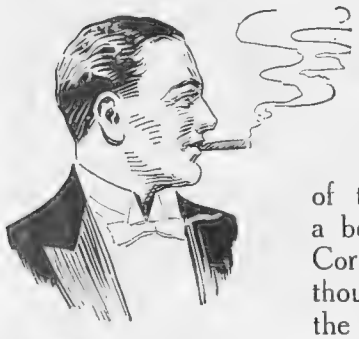
* * *

THE Delage is particularly well sprung, and is very steady on corners. The four-wheel braking system is well-laid out, and is very satisfactory in operation. While no opportunity arose to test the petrol consumption, I should imagine this to be very reasonable, as there is a general feeling of freeness about the car, and large throttle openings are rarely required. I expect the Delage to become increasingly popular over here.

* * *

IT will be remembered that the present system of taxation was based on a system of horse-power rating which can now only be described as archaic. At the time it was introduced by the R.A.C. it gave a

(Continued on page 856)



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of the giver are contained in a box of La Corona Half-a-Corona — a gift that shows thought and is fragrant with the quality of your friendship.

The only genuine small edition of Havana's masterpiece. Half-a-Corona size but all Corona quality.

Be sure and ask for it by the full name.

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"BRILLIANT"

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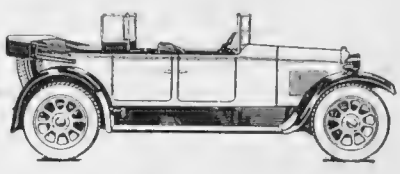

4-cyl. engine, tax £14, overhead camshaft & valves, 4-spd. gearbox, r.h. change, 4-wheel brakes, 4-door body, choice of finish, exceptionally complete equipment.

2-3 SEATER **£550** or 5 SEATER

CHASSIS . . £455 SALOON (Weymann) £660
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BRITISH ALL THROUGH

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THE SUPER CAR

BEHIND every Bentley car is a straightforward guarantee—there are no "ifs and buts" about it—that remains in force for Five Years from the date of delivery. Moreover, this guarantee is not necessarily terminated if the original purchaser should sell his car.
Does not this fact convey to you a real faith on the part of the manufacturers in their product?
They know that they have put into it the best and most advanced design, the hardest-tested materials, and the soundest and most conscientious workmanship. They "back" these qualities unreservedly.
Bentleys are built to give no trouble, to yield a performance that gets better with every mile. That policy is supported further by a service organisation that exists for one purpose only—to ensure that every Bentley owner gets 365 days care-free motoring in every year.

WHY NOT NOW?

WE are specialists in Bentley cars. As owner-drivers of long experience, we recognise that the Bentley, either as a sporting car or as a reliable, trouble-free, smooth-running carriage, has no equals, and we are ready at all times to give trial runs involving no obligation. We are able to give immediate delivery of the Standard Four-Seater Sports model (with twin carburettors) at £1,125, of the coach-built Saloon at £1,450, of the new Weymann Saloon at £1,325, and of the four-five seater long wheelbase touring model at £1,225.
Your present car can be accepted, on the basis of a generous allowance, in part payment for a Bentley, or, if you choose, you can take full advantage of our straightforward and equitable scheme of progressive purchase.

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fairly accurate estimate of the power developed by any engine. Unfortunately for the purpose of the formula, manufacturers, as soon as it was introduced, proceeded to take advantage of it. As the rating depended on the diameter of the cylinders and took no mathematical interest in the length of the piston travel, manufacturers found it was to their advantage to make the bore as small as possible and the stroke as long as possible. Thus we have the anomaly to-day of the engine rated at 14 h.p. which actually develops well over 100 h.p. The latest proposal that the tax should be based on the capacity and not on the bore is a much fairer one. There will still be rather striking comparisons, as, for example, between the Ford and the Bentley. At present the Ford owner pays a tax of £23 per annum, while the owner of the Bentley pays £16. As is obvious from the styles of construction employed, the strokes of the engines and costs of construction, the powers developed by these engines are more or less as wide apart as the poles. Under the new suggestion the Ford would pay £17 12s., while the Bentley would be liable to £18 6s. tax.

* * *

It will be remembered that the whole purpose of motor taxation is to supply funds for the construction and up-keep of roads, and a fair and equitable tax should therefore be in proportion to the road destruction capabilities of the cars that use them. The fairest tax is one in proportion to weight and to the amount of road usage, but this is fairly impossible to apply. A tax on fuel consumption was put forward but apparently difficulties of collecting stood in the way of its application. The suggested tax would still impose a tax on ownership and not on use, but, in my opinion, it is an improvement on that at present in force.

OFF THE BATTLEFIELD

The victorious All Blacks enjoying a rest from Rugger for a change. They are seen at the works of Morris Motors, Ltd., at Cowley, in Oxfordshire

* * *

When engaged on a journey round the world, a distance of 25,000 odd miles, it must be practically impossible to get supplies of the same commodity at any point on the journey. In the case of an aeroplane trip over this route the matter is of even greater importance, owing to the fact that so much depends on the reliability and power of the engine. In the case of the recent "Round-the-World" flight by the American airmen, they were extremely lucky in one thing, whatever their difficulties may have been in other directions. It was as regards the supply of lubricating oil that they were fortunate. So thorough had been the arrangements made by the Vacuum Oil Company that the airmen were able to obtain uniform supplies of Mobiloil "B" at everyone of their stopping places.

* * *

Front wheel brakes have come to stay, but I saw a rather interesting commentary the other day as to their efficiency or otherwise. It was a large and noble car, and it was fitted with the latest development in braking. It was also fitted with one of those transatlantic devices known as "bumper bars." The interesting point was that this bar was fitted in *front* of the car. On most four-wheel braking cars which are fitted with these collision devices, I believe it is the custom to have the "bumper bar" fitted at the rear so as to avoid the attacks of overtaking traffic. The fitting of this device at the front seems to tell its own tale!

G. C. S.

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Both are whiskies that delight a man's heart. From friend to friend they convey, without need for words, the good old wish that is ever young—"*A right Merry Christmas.*" So be sure you give—

MACKINLAY'S

Mackinlay's ML 13/6 *per bottle*

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If you have difficulty in obtaining these fine old whiskies locally, send us your cheque and we will instruct our nearest agent to deliver at once.

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PONTRESINA is undoubtedly one of the most charming and delightful Swiss resorts which have won popular favour during the last 20 or 30 years. Splendidly situated in the Upper Engadine, sheltered from South and East winds, Pontresina offers unrivalled facilities for participation in all the winter sports. No other place offers such splendid opportunities for ski-ing as are to be found at Pontresina, where trustworthy guides and highly qualified instructors are at the service of both experts and novices. The Palace Hotel at Pontresina, 6,000 ft. above sea level, conveniently situated for all winter sports, offers all the amenities and comforts usually associated with the best class of Swiss hotel. Full prospectus and further information may be had on application to the Manager: C. F. Eicher.

Rates from 19 frcs. per day.

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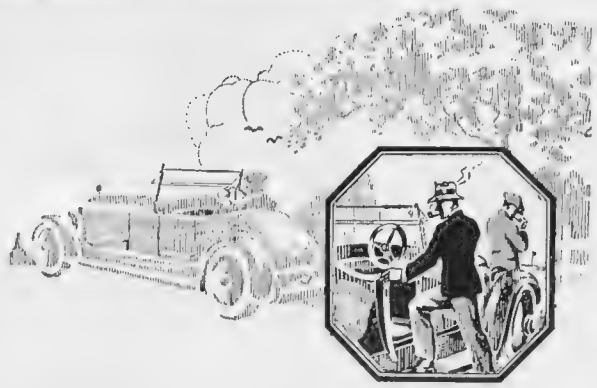

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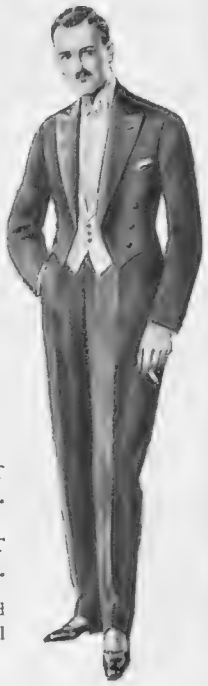

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Whether their needs be a Dinner or Tails Suit—or merely some grown-out part of the one you bought last year—a few studs, ties, shirts or shoes, they are here, tailored in the quiet season for just this rush.

Every size is available and the prices are moderate.

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The NEW Columbia Grafonola

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MORE HINTS ON WHAT TO BUY

An Aladdin's Cave

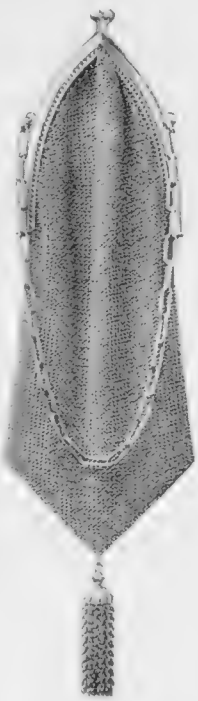
It is impossible to enumerate in this tiny space the many wonderful gifts from that veritable Aladdin's cave of precious things, Messrs. Mappin and Webb's. At their three London addresses, 158-162, Oxford Street, W., 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, and 172, Regent Street, W.1., one's eyes are dazzled by the wealth of the display. And though there are many gifts that only a millionaire could buy, there are many things within the reach of ordinary purses. There is, for instance, a captivating sterling silver tea service (capacity of the teapot one and a half pints) that is remarkable value at £11 15*s.*, and many other gifts at from one to three pounds

Something for Everyone

There is a long range of choice leather-fitted attaché cases, at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, but the example illustrated at 21*s.* 9*d.* is quite particular value. Built of cowhide leather, lined-polished tan leather, it is amply equipped as shown, with pockets, straps, and a detachable writing-pad. In fitted wicker-work baskets there is a model in three sizes ranging from 28*s.* 6*d.*, a sum that includes good Sheffield cutlery, needles, many cottons, etc., the whole charmingly finished interiorly with a stout moiré poplin.

EVERYTHING FOR THE READY WRITER

A neat attaché case which contains everything a writer can need. It comes from D. H. Evans & Co., 290, Oxford Street, W.



ARTISTIC RELIABILITY

A sterling silver chain bag with 2½ in. tassel, from Mappin and Webb Ltd., of Oxford Street

Frequently overlooked in little gifts is the gentleman's Portsea purse, and yet there are few more serviceable offerings, the selection here in grain leather commencing at 1*s.* 4*d.* Failing the opportunity of paying a personal visit to Oxford Street you should apply at once for the firm's splendidly illustrated catalogue. Special Christmas postal arrangements have been made to expedite deliveries.

"Lavender, Sweet Lavender"

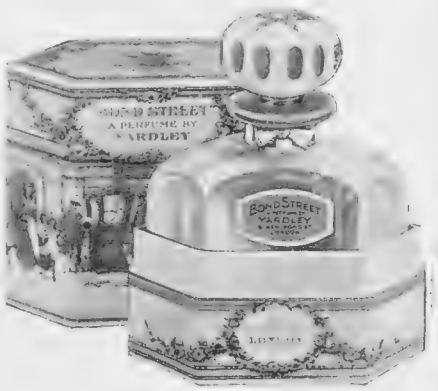
You can't, of course, give a bottle of scent to a man—at least, one presumes you can't—but you can always give him Yardley's lavender water. This old-established Bond Street house has set a seal of distinction on all its preparations, a subtle something that means good taste and style. There are an infinite variety of gifts at the House of Yardley—for the man again, there is a serviceable shaving bowl containing the lavender soap; for the woman, there are powders and perfumes and face creams in abundance, and the daintiest of compressed lavender sachets for linen chests and handkerchief boxes.

Lingerie de Luxe

Women are to-day demanding more daintiness than ever in undies — exquisite daintiness. Few have this demand more closely at heart than Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, whose stock is always, moreover, appreciably augmented at Christmas in view of presents. One more welcome to dress-loving exigent woman it would be impossible to find. This season, ostrich-feather trimming is a *piece de résistance* as decorative detail, and is shown on the accompanying figure in the daintiest of dressing-jackets of white georgette inlet fine lace and decorated white ostrich feather. A set of pale pink undies is similarly adorned, while the concluding garment is one of those supremely useful slip petticoats of pale pink crêpe de Chine. But this necessarily bare description gives but the poorest idea of the attractions of these very chic garments, each one whereof is, in its way, a *chef d'œuvre*.

A Wealth of Choice

The choosing of suitable Christmas gifts is at once interesting and difficult, but a visit to Peter Robinson's will assist you in settling this perplexing problem. Amid the delightful shopping conditions afforded by their new building, Peter Robinson's offer a most attractive array of Christmas gifts suitable for everyone. The toys and games' sections have hundreds of delights for children. Numerous mechanical novelties, books, and games are there to please the boys, and dolls of every description to please their little sisters. For those seeking useful presents,



AN ARTISTIC DESIGN

A bottle of lavender water from Yardley's, of Bond Street

FOR THE BEDROOM

A bed jacket of white crêpe de Chine trimmed with ostrich feathers. This model is from Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.

FOR THE PARTY

Two attractive party frocks for kiddies from W. Rowe & Co., Ltd., 105-6, New Bond Street, W.

the hosiery, gloves, umbrellas, handkerchiefs, perfumery and jewellery departments are worthy of a visit.

A Unique Position in Tailoring

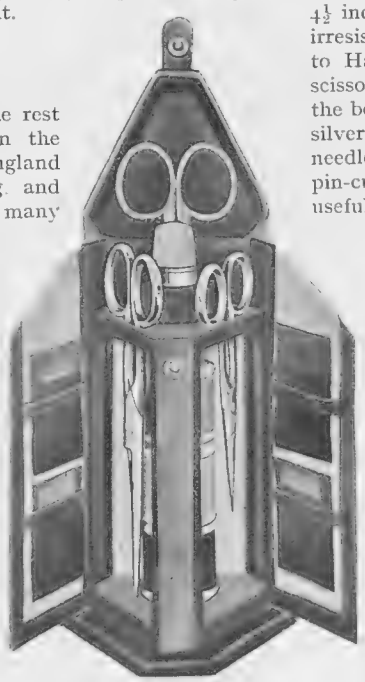
Whatever Paris and the rest of the world may do in the way of smart clothes, England stands first in tailoring and sports wear. Among the many English tailors, the house of Rowe, New Bond Street, occupies a unique position as a specialist in school wear for youths of all ages and in all manner of practical and pleasing dresses for girls. They are, of course, expert consultants in the matter of fittings for that most difficult of subjects, the growing boy or girl. Illustrated are two examples of Rowe's attractive frocks for girls.

Scent-sible Gifts

Erasmic, the perfume and fine soap-makers, are far too well-known to need any preliminary introduction to the hundreds of thousands who daily use one or more of their alluring preparations. One always associates the name Erasmic with all that is most fragrant, and this Christmas they have surpassed themselves in the variety and charm of their preparations. A brief glance at their catalogue of coloured illustrations will serve to show the variety and charm of the Erasmic perfumes, toilet soaps, poudres de riz, and all the many other attractions for which the firm is noted.

A Silver Show

A very Eldorado is Harrods, Brompton Road, at Christmas. Yuletide gifts assail the eye on every side, utility and charm being especially noticeable in the supremely fine display of silver goods. Another little piece of silver seldom goes wrong, and when it takes such attractive form as a silver-mounted cut glass scent pump, is particularly acceptable to a woman fastidious as to her toilet-table accessories. This economical perfume receptacle, which only lets out a drop at a time, stands 4½ inches high, and is, frankly, irresistible at £1 5s. Exclusive to Harrods is the "Princess" scissor-case, fitted with three of the best Sheffield-made scissors, silver thimble, packets of needles, reels of silk, and small pin-cushion. This is the most useful and covetable addenda to a work-basket anyone could wish to find.



THE HOUSEWIFE'S AID

An example of one of the neat compendiums to be seen at Harrods, Brompton Rd.

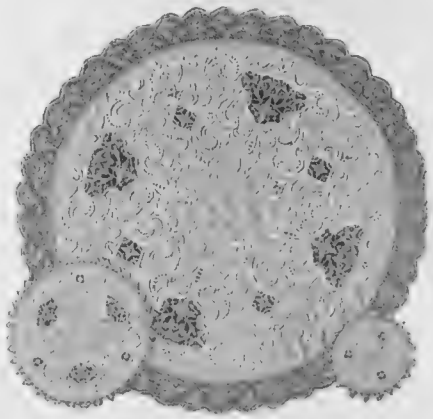
Old Friends with New Faces

A number of people with long Christmas lists find it saves an infinity of time and trouble to specialise in the form of gifts they give. In which *galére* there comes the very necessary calendar, together with memo. tablets, bridge-scorers, and engagement tablets, requisites that never go wrong and that have been taken into special consideration by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W.1, attractively and handsomely expressed in sterling silver-mounted frames fitted with xylonite stylo pencils. These in their various forms make the daintiest additions to writing and bridge-table, the bridge-scorers being particularly appreciated, as also a perpetual calendar, more especially when it takes the guise of a quaint crinoline figure, as pictured, modelled in hand-coloured porcelain, with onyx base.

A SCENTED OFFERING FROM ERASMIC

Linen and Lace

Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's Regent Street establishment is a noted home of the handkerchief, and those who are bent on making presents of this very useful nature cannot do better than pay a visit here. There are many charming linen and embroidered handkerchief sachets that are extremely reasonable at 7s. 6d. Fine linen and real lace, in fact, play a part in many of Robinson and Cleaver's suggestions, and those who cannot pay a personal visit are strongly advised to write for an illustrated catalogue at once.



IRISH LINEN GOODS

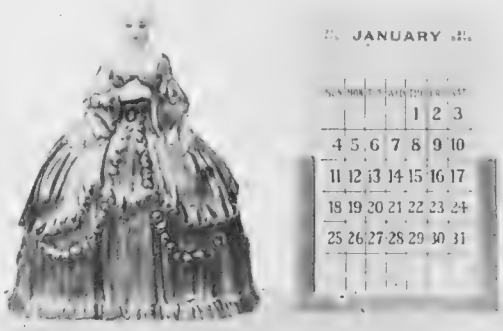
As sold by Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver, of Regent St.

Give Leather

Leather Craft of Malvern, whose London branch is at 10 and 13, Brompton Arcade, Knightsbridge, are selling at very attractive prices a limited number of motor coats, so it is advisable to get going "whilst the going's good." For instance, there are 100 ladies' leather motoring coats, the usual price of which is £8 8s., for 5½ guineas, and thirty ladies' and thirty men's "Royce" motoring coats, which are worth £10 10s., for the modest sum of 7 guineas.

A-Growing and A-Blowing

Calling at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, to see the usual season's display of the Mayfair flower industry, I stood

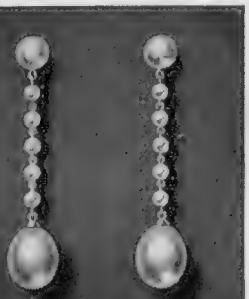


A QUAINT CRINOLINE CALENDAR

A pleasing example of the art of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., 112, Regent Street

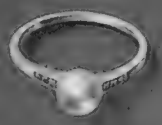
absolutely amazed before these far-famed reproductions. To the very touch they are real, and the faithfulness with which the more exotic blooms, such as the striped, and those charming mauve Mikado carnations are produced still appears after many years almost incredible, while equally true and perfect are such modest blooms as the primroses and the snowdrops, all a-growing in pots. Attracting much interested attention this year are small trees of oranges, lemons and pears which a switch floods with light, a concealed electric battery accounting for this unexpected manifestation.

(Continued on page 862)

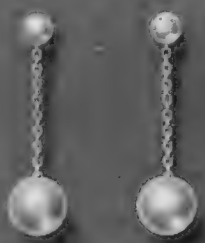


No 64—Fashionable Ciro Pearl Drop Earrings
£1 1 0 per pair

No 111—Platinette Ciro Pearl Brooch with Scientific Rubies, Emeralds or Sapphires £1 1 0



No 29—Ciro Pearl Ring, in Platinette, with Scientific Rubies, Emeralds or Sapphires £1 1 0



No 63 Ciro Pearl Earrings with round Drop Pearls
£1 1 0 per pair

No 23—Ciro Pearl Cross-over Ring, in Gold
£1 1 0

Ciro Pearls

The Coveted Gift

The Yuletide Offering that every woman desires –that gives lasting pleasure—is a gift of Ciro Pearls. They appeal to her taste for the beautiful by their brilliant sheen, perfect colouring and natural form. They are, indeed, the only absolute replicas of the ocean gem, and make any outlay on real pearls an unnecessary extravagance.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

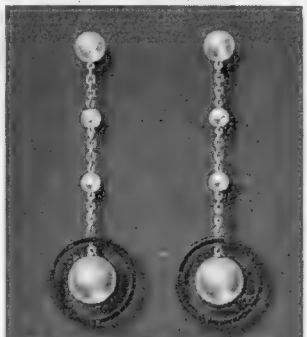
You are cordially invited to select your Xmas gifts at our showrooms, or we will send you a Ciro Pearl necklet 16 ins. long with solid gold clasp, or any of the Ciro Pearl jewels shown on this page, in beautiful case for One Guinea. Keep for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If you can detect any difference return them to us and we will refund your money in full.

Booklet No. 7 of Ciro Pearl Gifts post free on request.

Ciro Pearls Ltd

178 Regent Street, London, W.1. Dept. 7.

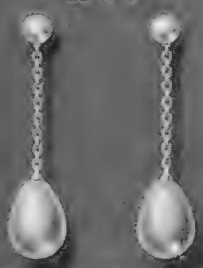
48 Old Bond Street, W.; 120 Cheapside, E.C.; 25 Church Street, Liverpool; 14 St. Ann's Square, Manchester; 121 New Street, Birmingham; 97 Buchanan Street, Glasgow; and at Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh.



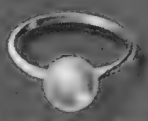
No 62—Ciro Pearl Earrings with Drop Pearl in Ring
£1 1 0 per pair

No 144—Platinette Ciro Pearl Brooch with Scientific Rubies, Emeralds or Sapphires £1 1 0

No 24—Ciro Pearl Ring in Gold with three lustrous Pearls
£1 1 0



No 63a—Ciro Pearl Earrings with Pear-shaped Drop Pearls
£1 1 0 per pair.



No 22—Charming Single Ciro Pearl Ring, Gold mounted
£1 1 0

Photographic reproduction of our marvellous 16-inch Ciro Pearl Necklet, with Solid Gold clasp, in beautiful case, £1 1 0 Other lengths at proportionate prices.

Always Welcome

As a practical gift, and one moreover that *she* will always welcome, you cannot beat good silk hose. Silk stockings are always useful and make up a most attractive Christmas gift. Messrs. Morgan Squire, Ltd., the well-known Leicester manufacturers, are again offering their special gift boxes of pure silk hose, each box containing three pairs of silk stockings (with fortified toes and heels of mercerised lisle) at the moderate cost of 14*s.* 6*d.*, or 16*s.* 6*d.* post free.

A GIFT OF SILK STOCKINGS
From Morgan Squire, Leicester

English Violets

Some delightful selections can be made from the many products of the Violet Nurseries at Henfield, Sussex, where as usual the Misses Allen-Brown have cleverly anticipated the wants of the Christmas season. A post-card to Henfield will bring you a useful little brochure with full price list and particulars. Here space only permits of a tiny mention of one or two things, such as a delightful long-handled powder puff, and an artistic writing-case, both of which utilise so pleasingly the charm of the English violet.

A VIOLET-SCENTED WORK BASKET
From the Misses Allen-Brown, the Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex

"Whene'er You Tread a Measure"

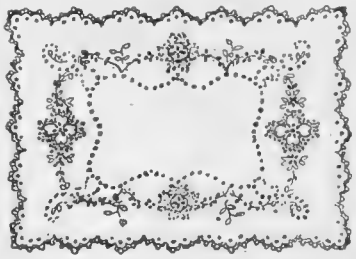
Christmas time is dancing-time, and so now is the time when the wise woman takes stock of her footwear. It is here that the well-known firm of W. Abbott and Sons, Ltd., step into the breach. Their famous "Mayflowa" shoes are to be found in an even greater number of attractive designs than ever; and a visit to one of their many branches will afford conclusive proof that here can be procured the very pair of shoes necessary fully to enhance the effect of that new dance frock.

TWO "MAYFLOWA" MODELS
From W. Abbott and Sons, 58, Regent Street, W.

From "Ould Oireland"

Irish linens are world-famous, but for some reason many people imagine they must be beyond the means of the ordinary purse. However, Messrs. Murphy and Orr, Ltd., 18, Donegall Street, Belfast, are really selling hand-embroidered handkerchiefs at 7*s.* 6*d.*, 8*s.* 6*d.* and 10*s.* per half dozen, and 10*s.* per box. Hand-embroidered linen tray cloths cost but 7*s.* 11*d.* for the 14 by 20 inch size, and

(Continued on page 864)



THE CHARM OF IRISH LINEN
A Linen Tray Cloth from Messrs. Murphy and Orr, Ltd., of 18, Donegall St., Belfast

If you are interested in Player Pianos ask for List No. P.A. 49. At our showrooms we have also a fine range of the following world-famous instruments: NIENDORF NEUFELD ARNOLD TRAUTWEIN

"The Master Creation of the Musical World"

Music lovers who know the merits of the Schwechten Piano regard this master-creation as the highest standard of musical excellence that has ever been attained.

You are invited to come and play your favourite music on this superb instrument at our showrooms. You will then learn why Liszt, Kullak and other famous composers held such high opinions of the Schwechten Piano.

If you cannot call, send for Catalogue No. A. 49. Deferred payments by arrangement.

The SCHWECHTEN PIANO

ARGYLL PIANO GALLERIES,
4, Great Marlborough St., Regent St., London, W.1. Tel.: Regent 1181

Your Glass of Wine!

SPECIAL XMAS CASES from HARVEY'S of BRISTOL

CASE A:
3 bottles HARVEY'S HUNTING PORT .. 78/- per doz.
for 20/- net.

CASE B:
3 bottles HARVEY'S HUNTING PORT .. 78/- per doz.
3 bottles HARVEY'S SHOOTING SHERRY .. 66/- per doz.
for 35/- net.

CASE C:
3 bottles HARVEY'S HUNTING PORT .. 78/- per doz.
3 bottles HARVEY'S BRISTOL MILK SHERRY 114/- per doz.
for 45/- net.

CASE D:
2 bottles HARVEY'S HUNTING PORT .. 78/- per doz.
2 bottles HARVEY'S BRISTOL MILK SHERRY 114/- per doz.
2 bottles HARVEY'S GLENLIVET BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY 150/- per doz.
for 55/- net.

Packing and Carriage Free. Cash with order.

JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD., Denmark St., BRISTOL
Wine Merchants to H.M. The King.

Complete Illustrated Price List on application, with Special List of Xmas Cases from 10/- each.

BY APPOINTMENT

Christmas Presents

Emerald, Diamond, Black Onyx and Platinum Ring. **£45 0 0**

Sapphire, Diamond, Platinum and 18-ct. Gold Ring. **£6 5 0**

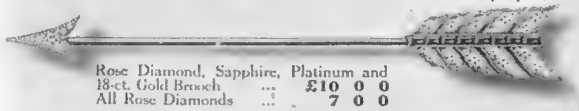
White Mother-o'-Pearl, Pearl centre, Enamel and 18-ct. Gold Links. **£5 10 0** per pair.

Rose Diamond Partridge Pin, with Ruby eye. **£6 10 0**

Diamond, Black Onyx, Emerald and Platinum Ring. **£35 0 0**

Green Tourmaline, Diamond and Platinum Ring. **£25 0 0**

Diamond, Rose Diamond, Jade, Black Onyx, Platinum and 18-ct. Gold Earrings. **£21 0 0** per pair.



Rose Diamond, Sapphire, Platinum and 18-ct. Gold Brooch ... **£10 0 0**
All Rose Diamonds ... **7 0 0**

Sapphire, Diamond, Rose Diamond, Platinum and 18-ct. Gold Brooch. **£11 0 0**

Green Tourmaline, Diamond, Rose Diamond, Black Onyx, Platinum and 15-ct. Gold Brooch. **£27 10 0**

Rose Diamond, Black Onyx, Jade, Platinum and Silk Sautoir. **£15 0 0**

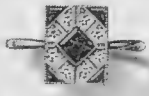
Diamond, Carved Emerald, Black Onyx, Platinum and 18-ct. Gold Earrings. **£52 10 0** per pair.

Diamond, Sapphire, Platinum and 18-ct. Gold Ring. **£21 0 0**

Diamond, Black Onyx and Platinum Ring. **£12 10 0**

Hand-painted carved Crystal and 18-ct. Gold Pin. **£3 0 0**

18-ct. Gold, engine-turned Links, with Enamel Border. **£4 15 0** per pair.

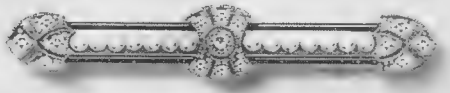


Diamond, Black Onyx, Platinum and 18-ct. Gold Ring. **£14 0 0**

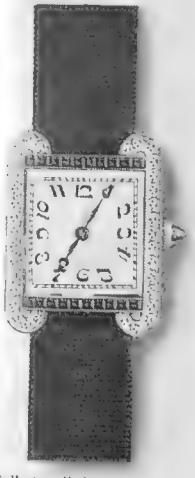
Green Tourmaline, Diamond, Platinum and 18-ct. Gold Ring. **£25 0 0**

Rose Diamond, Black Onyx, Green Agate, Platinum and 15-ct. Gold Brooch. **£11 10 0**

Pearl, Rose Diamond, Jade, Platinum and 15-ct. Gold Brooch. **£5 15 0**



Pearl, Diamond, Rose Diamond, Black Enamel, Platinum and 18-ct. Gold Brooch. **£20 0 0**



Fully jewelled Swiss Lever Watch in All Platinum Case. Set fine Diamonds (Brilliants) and Onyx. **£65 0 0**

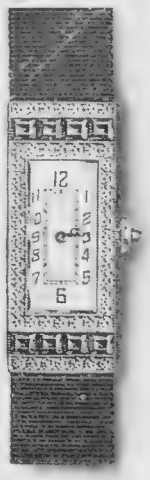
White Mother-o'-Pearl, and 18-ct. Gold Studs, with Pearl centre and Black Enamel Border. Set of Two. **£2 0 0**

Black Onyx, Rose Diamond, Platinum and 18-ct. Gold Links. **£26 0 0** per pair.

Gentleman's fully jewelled Swiss Lever Watch in 9-ct. Gold Case. **£5 5 0**

Black Onyx, Platinum and 18-ct. Gold Studs, with Diamond centre. Set of Two. **£5 5 0**

Jade, Rose Diamond, Pearl centre, Platinum and 18-ct. Gold Links. **£22 10 0** per pair.

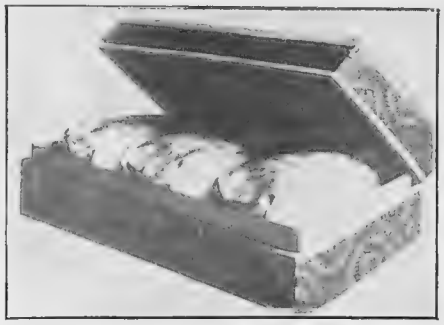


Fully jewelled Lever Watch, in All Platinum Case. Set fine Diamonds (Brilliants) and Sapphires or Rubies. Finest quality Geneva movement. **£125 0 0**

Gifts Book
sent post free
Selections for approval

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd.

only address **112, Regent Street London, W.1.** no branches



AN OPEN QUESTION—OF PEARS' SOAP

9*s.* 11*d.* for the 16 by 24 inch one. Other goods are on the same level of cheapness.

An Old-Established Favourite

Pears' Soap—like good wine—needs no bush. Pears' Christmas gifts are always reliable and acceptable, and, artistically produced as ever, are also a joy to the eye. Pears' Otto of Roses is a delightful gift, a box of three fragrant tablets costing only 12*s.* Other ideal Pears' productions are the Brilliantine de Luxe, Vanishing Cream, Eau de Cologne, and, of course, the well-known Transparent Soap.

Just a Reminder—

—That you need not rack your brains for every present on your list. It is handy to know that you can go into the nearest tobacconist and get a gift that is always acceptable. Greys' Cigarettes, for instance, are there waiting to be snapped up for Christmas. A tin of "Big" Greys, containing either 50 or 100 of these popular cigarettes, costs 3*s.* 6*d.* or 7*s.*; or, if "Size Two" be chosen, 3*s.* and 6*s.* The Greys' Turkish, packed in an attractive green and gold tin decorated with the "Greys'" regimental badge and battle honours, sells for 3*s.* 9*d.* and 7*s.* 6*d.*

IN FAMILIAR GARB
Two welcome friends from Messrs. John Haig & Co., the "pinched" decanter and the plain bottle

Novelties from Lyons

Messrs. Lyons and Co., Ltd., are not merely concentrating on providing seasonable and goodly fare for the inner man; they are displaying in their branches as artistic a show of novelties as one could find in a day's march. A fascinating telephone cover fashioned to represent a *poudré* lady took my fancy, as did a comical mascot fashioned in the shape of a nigger's head and filled with chocolates, which is well worth the small sum of five shillings and sixpence.

A GOOD GIFT — THE "GREYS'" CIGARETTES

The Welcome Guest

Lots of guests are welcome at the festive board that groans under the weight of—— but I'm not quite sure why the boards do groan. Perhaps this is a "woody" form of greeting—if so, every table should groan in unison when John Haig's whisky makes its appearance. This guest is never *de trop*. In its familiar dump bottle, John Haig is sold at 12*s.* 6*d.*, and the famous "pinched" decanter at 13*s.* 6*d.*

(Continued on page 866).

POLLY PEACHUM IN PORCELAIN
One of the many delightful novelties from Messrs. J. Lyons and Co.

GAL

'GARDENS · OF · SPAIN'

"Jardines de España" Perfume—fragrant as the Gardens of Spain—a superb and distinctive essence; so concentrated that one drop only is needed to impart that subtle degree of perfume which is the expression of delicacy and good taste.

From all High-Class Chemists and Stores "Jardines de España" Perfume - - 12/6 per bottle.

Sole Agents:
HEPPELLS, 164, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

Also by Perfumeria Gal—"Jardines de España" Powder and "Jardines de España" Toilet Soap.

Quality Gifts

Selections sent for approval

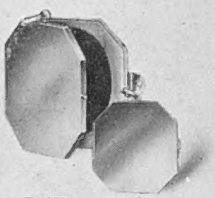
BY APPOINTMENT

Lowest Prices

Catalogue of Gifts on application.

MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd.

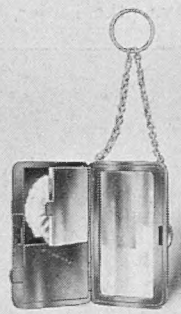
F 1054
Sterling Silver Chain Bag, with fine mesh.
Width 4½ in. £4 15 0



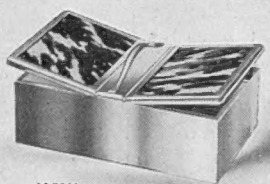
F 1112
Sterling Silver Octagonal Case for two photographs.
1⅞ in. × 1⅝ in. £1 5 0
2¼ in. × 2 in. 1 15 0
2⅝ in. × 2¼ in. 2 5 0

F 1085. Fluted Glass Powder Bowl, mounted Sterling Silver.
4½ in. diam. £1 15 0

G 970. Crocodile Skin Cigar Case, with Plain Sterling Silver Mounts. Partitions to prevent damage to cigars.
For 2 cigars ... £2 2 0
,, 4 ,, ... 3 5 0
,, 5 ,, ... 4 0 0



F 1111. Sterling Silver Vanity Case, with mirror and two compartments for powder, etc.
Plain ... £2 15 0
Engine-turned ... 3 10 0



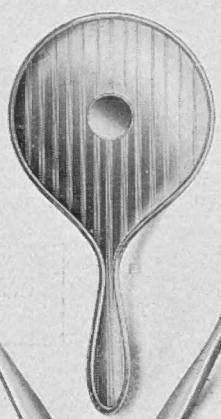
N 2211
Tortoiseshell and Sterling Silver Box, to hold 50 cigarettes. £6 15 0

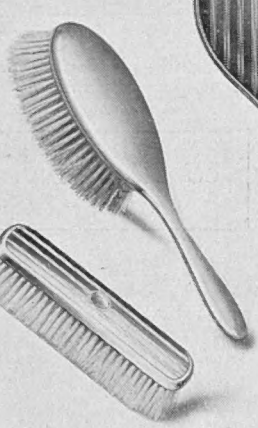
F 1082
Sterling Silver and Tortoiseshell Round Trinket Box, lined velvet.
2½ in. diam. £1 1 0

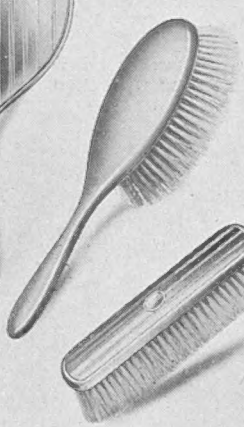
F 1034
Tortoiseshell and Sterling Silver Perpetual Calendar.
£2 15 0

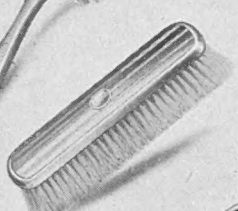
G 992
Fine Tortoiseshell Rocker Blotter.
Size 5 in. × 3 in. £3 15 0
,, 6 in. × 3½ ,, 4 10 0

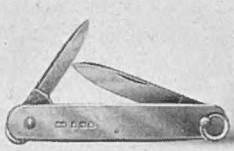
F 1059. Tortoiseshell and Sterling Silver Concave Hair Brush. £2 [illegible] 0



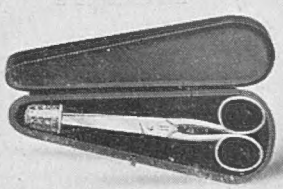




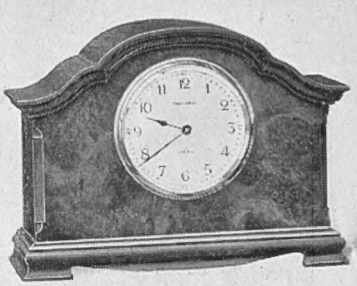




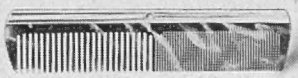
K 2316
Ring-opening Pocket Knife, with two blades.
Sterling Silver handle 12/6
9-ct. Gold handle £2 15 0



G 1007
Fine Sheffield Steel Scissors and Silver Thimble in case.
£1 1 0



C 427.
8-day Lever Timepiece, figured walnut case.
Height 7 in. £4 10 0

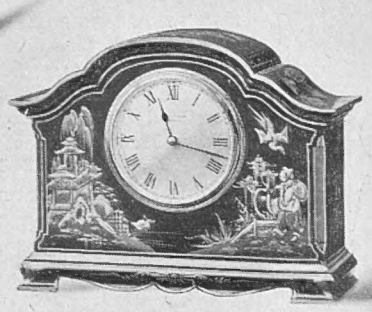


Heavy Gauge Sterling Silver Toilet Service
(6 pieces).

N 2226 Engine-turned (as Mirror illustrated). £10 10 0 complete.
N 2003 Plain (as Hair Brushes illustrated). £8 15 0 complete.

Each piece is obtainable separately at the following prices—

	Engine-turned.	Plain.
Hair Brushes ... ... each	£1 17 6	£1 15 0
Hand Mirror	3 10 0	3 0 0
Hat Brush	1 5 0	1 0 0
Cloth Brush	1 5 0	1 0 0
Comb	0 17 6	0 15 0



C 428. 8-day Lever Timepiece in best quality Lacquer. Antique finished Brass Dial.
Height 7 in. ... £5 5 0

London Showrooms: 158-162 Oxford Street W.1. 2 Queen Victoria Street E.C.4. 172 Regent Street W.1.

MANUFACTORY *The Royal Works*, SHEFFIELD. Branches: PARIS. ROME. ETC.

A New Safety Razor

Living up to my hitherto unfortunate name of Columbus, I have at last made an interesting discovery of a new make of safety razor. It is called the Rolls, and I can personally recommend it. Its outstanding feature is a solid steel hollow-ground blade (guaranteed to last for five years), which is automatically stropped, and reset or honed, in the razor's own box. "New blades for old" every day without *changing* a blade is something worth considering! The Rolls razor costs 25*s.* complete in a handsome silver-plated box, and makes a wonderful present.

THE NEW ROLLS RAZOR

It is stropped and reset in the case—a splendid safety razor complete in case for 25s.

The Man Who Knows

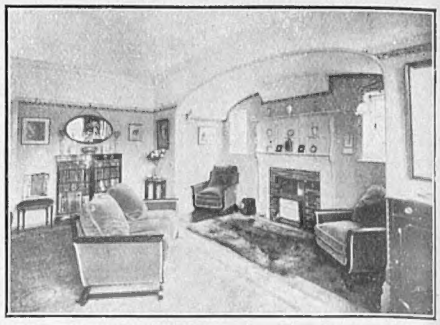
Jenkyn, the Butler, who tells us that "Your Kensitas, sir, are always as good as really good cigarettes can be," is by now as famous an institution as St. Paul's Cathedral. Like George Washington, Jenkyn cannot lie, so you can be sure that you will be on safe ground in buying Kensitas Standard size or Kensitas Extra Large cigarettes for him—or her—this Christmas. They are packed in boxes of 50 and 100, and there is also a special Christmas gift box containing 200 Kensitas standard size. So now you know what to do!

THE PERSUASIVE BUTLER AND HIS WELCOME BOX OF KENSITAS CIGARETTES

A Lasting Gift

A gift that unites beauty and usefulness—welcome alike to maiden and bride-to-be, is a box of Old Bleach coloured linen towels. Cotton towels come and go in rapid succession, but the more dignified linen variety keep up healthy and pleasing appearances right to the end. The Old Bleach damask tablecloths make excellent presents, too. They are cunningly woven, and there is a range of exquisite hand-worked designs from which to choose.

TWO EXAMPLES OF "OLD BLEACH" LINEN



EVERYTHING TO MATCH

If period furniture, why not period grates? Here is an example of a Louis XIV gas grate in a suitable setting, made by the Richmond Gas Stove and Meter Co., Ltd., of 164, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4

A Present For All

When giving presents in the home circle, why not a new gas grate—useful for all? And—as Christmas comes but once a year—what about a really artistic "Period" one? The Richmond Gas Stove and Meter Co., Ltd., of 164, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, issue a most comprehensive booklet, with full particulars of their various styles—Florentine, Louis Quatorze, Renaissance, Chippendale, Jacobean, Adam, Empire, etc., to harmonise with any and every room decoration. The booklet will be sent free to our readers on application.

(Continued on page 858)

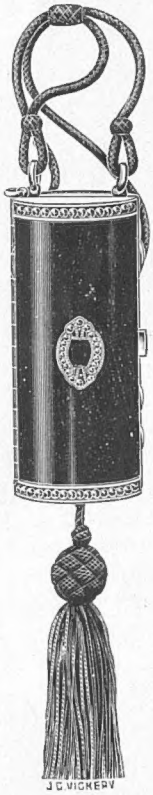
Xmas Gifts

No. H 401.—**Lovely Diamond, Sapphire and Platinum Wrist Watch,** fully Jewelled Lever Movement, perfectly reliable
£63 10s.

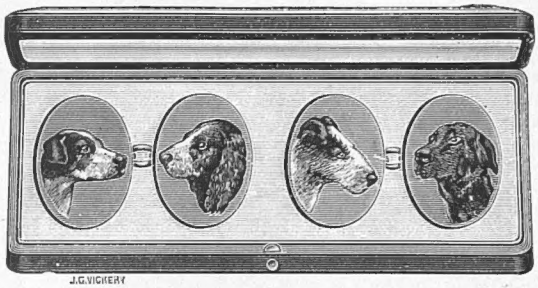
Xmas Gifts

The Very Latest

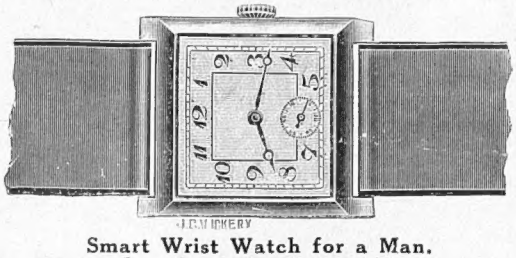
Fine Diamond and Sapphire Bow Ring £45



Charming Black Enamel Vanity Case with Silver Marcasite decorations 3¼ x 1⅜ ins.
£11 8 6



No. H 396.—**Sleeve Links with Beautifully Enamelled Sporting Designs on 18ct. Gold.**
Dogs' Heads, Horses' Heads, Fox Heads,
£8 8s.
Sporting Birds or Hunting Scenes, **£8 17s. 6d.**



Smart Wrist Watch for a Man.
Lever Movement, perfectly reliable.
Solid Gold - - - - - **£5 : 15 ; 0**
Sterling Silver - - - - **£3 : 5 : 0**

INSPECTION MOST CORDIALLY INVITED
Catalogue post free

The very finest 8-day folding Clock, perfectly accurate.
Polished Crocodile - **£5 : 5 : 0**
,, Pigskin - **£4 : 15 : 0**
Other designs from **50/-**

Charming Miniature Dressing Case for Car or Train. Fitted Ivory and Silver Gilt.
7¼ x 5¾ ins. **£10 5 0**

J·C VICKERY
177 to 183 REGENT ST, LONDON, W·1·
By Appointment
Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King
Jeweller to H.M. the Queen
Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

ROWLANDS'
is an absolute necessity
MACASSAR OIL
for the HAIR

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in **3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s.** sizes, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and ROWLANDS, London.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR
FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

Quickly removes Freckles, Redness, Roughness, Cutaneous Eruptions, and other Disorders of the Skin; makes it soft as velvet, adds the charm of youth to the complexion and will keep it in perfect condition all the year round.
Sizes: **2/6** and **5/-**
Sold by Stores, Chemists and **ROWLANDS,** London.

Yardley's
Old English
Lavender Soap

THE charm of its beautiful fresh fragrance lingering on the skin long after use, adds to the toilet a note of elegance and charm.

Exquisitely pure, it refines and beautifies the skin and preserves its youthful charm.

BOX OF THREE LARGE TABLETS 3/-.

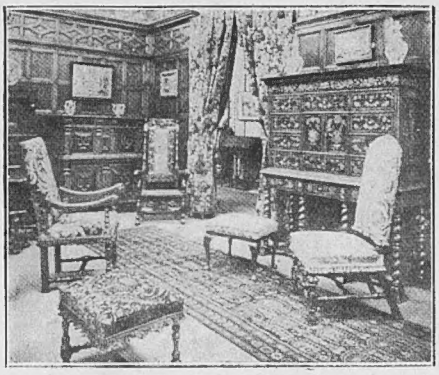
OF ALL CHEMISTS, COIFFEURS, STORES—and from
YARDLEY, 8, New Bond St., London, W.1
PARIS—24, Avenue de l'Opera.

Delicious Natural Fruits

in perfection, hidden in rich cream and covered with the highest quality chocolate—these form the recipe for MELTIS Chocolate Creamy Fruits. Packed in ornamental ½-lb. boxes, they are now available in a size most convenient for all kinds of social functions.
Buy a box and judge MELTIS Chocolate Creamy Fruits for yourself.

Sold by leading Confectioners,
2/3 per ½-lb. box.

Meltis
CHOCOLATE
CREAMY FRUITS

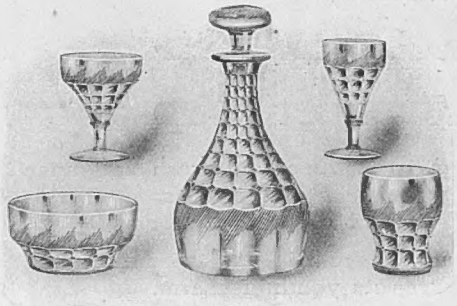


AN ANTIQUE SHOWROOM

On the premises of Messrs. Gill and Reigate, the furniture dealers of 73-77, Oxford Street

Gifts of Lasting Value

In search of a gift that would be something out of the ordinary, I was guided by a kindly Providence to the famous showrooms of Messrs. Gill and Reigate, Ltd., the antique and modern furniture dealers, of 73-77, Oxford Street. There is to be found here an almost bewildering variety of antique furniture, glass and curios, all of which is of the highest quality. To anyone in search of original and artistic gifts of real value I unhesitatingly say, "Go to Gill and Reigate's."



GOOD GLASSWARE

A selection at random from the galleries of Messrs. Soane and Smith of 462, Oxford Street, W.1

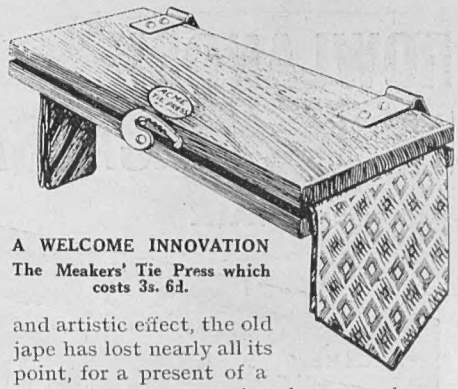
Artistic Pottery

The artistic design of Messrs. Soane and Smith's "Hunting Services" for breakfast, luncheon, tea or dinner use are too well known to need more than a passing reminder of their merits as a Christmas gift *de luxe*. Besides the famous hunting series, with faithfully reproduced designs by Lionel Edwards, many other gifts in pottery and glass, modest and pretentious, old favourites and original novelties, are to be seen at Messrs. Soane and Smith's China and Glass Galleries at 462, Oxford Street, W.1, a place that is well worth a visit to all china lovers, whether they be intending purchasers or not

The Skin Game

There is a dear old "chestnut" known to all of us which tells how, when asked by his wife to give her "something for her neck, this Christmas," a Scotsman presented her with a cake of soap. But nowadays, with the soap-making industry raised to such a high plane both in respect of quality and artistic effect, the old jape has lost nearly all its point, for a present of a box of good soap is always welcome nowadays. For instance, a box containing twelve tablets of that wonderful skin improver, Olva soap, would be welcomed whole-heartedly by every member of the fair sex who considers her complexion.

THE SURPRISE PACKET—OF OLVA SOAP



A WELCOME INNOVATION

The Meakers' Tie Press which costs 3s. 6d.

Going to Press

A crumpled, creased tie is capable of spoiling a man's whole turn-out. The outfitting firm of Meakers have solved the problem very satisfactorily. For the modest sum of 3*s.* 6*d.* this firm is selling a tie press which will add many months to the longevity of a tie. To those unable to call at any of their shops, Meakers will post the presses upon receipt of a remittance covering cost to Mail Order Dept., 37, Cheapside, E.C.2.

(Continued on page viii)

The most Lasting of Perfumes

Parfum "Volt"

by

L.T. PIVER Estabd 1774 PARIS

8/6 Everywhere

MATINÉE

HIGHEST GRADE

TURKISH CIGARETTES

BLENDED AND MADE OF THE EXQUISITE MACEDONIAN LEAF BY ALLAN RAMSAY

Size 3 in decorated Tins of

100 for 9/11, 50 for 5/1, & 25 for 2/6

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

272

Beautiful Users of

BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN TOILET PREPARATIONS

MISS EVELYN LAYE

the Charming and Well-known Actress, writes :—

"I feel I must write and tell you how delightfully refreshing I find your 'Georgian' Soaps and Beauty Powders. I always use them at the theatre and at home, and recommend them to all my friends."

Bristow's Toilet Preparations can be obtained from all Chemists and Stores throughout the country.

T. F. BRISTOW & Co. Ltd
Established 1777.
Clerkenwell, LONDON.
Perfumiers & Makers of Superfine Soap from George III to George V

"Make beauty a duty"

BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN SOAP 10p per Tablet

BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN BEAUTY POWDER 1/3 & 2/6